

# The TATTLER



NOVEMBER 26, 1958

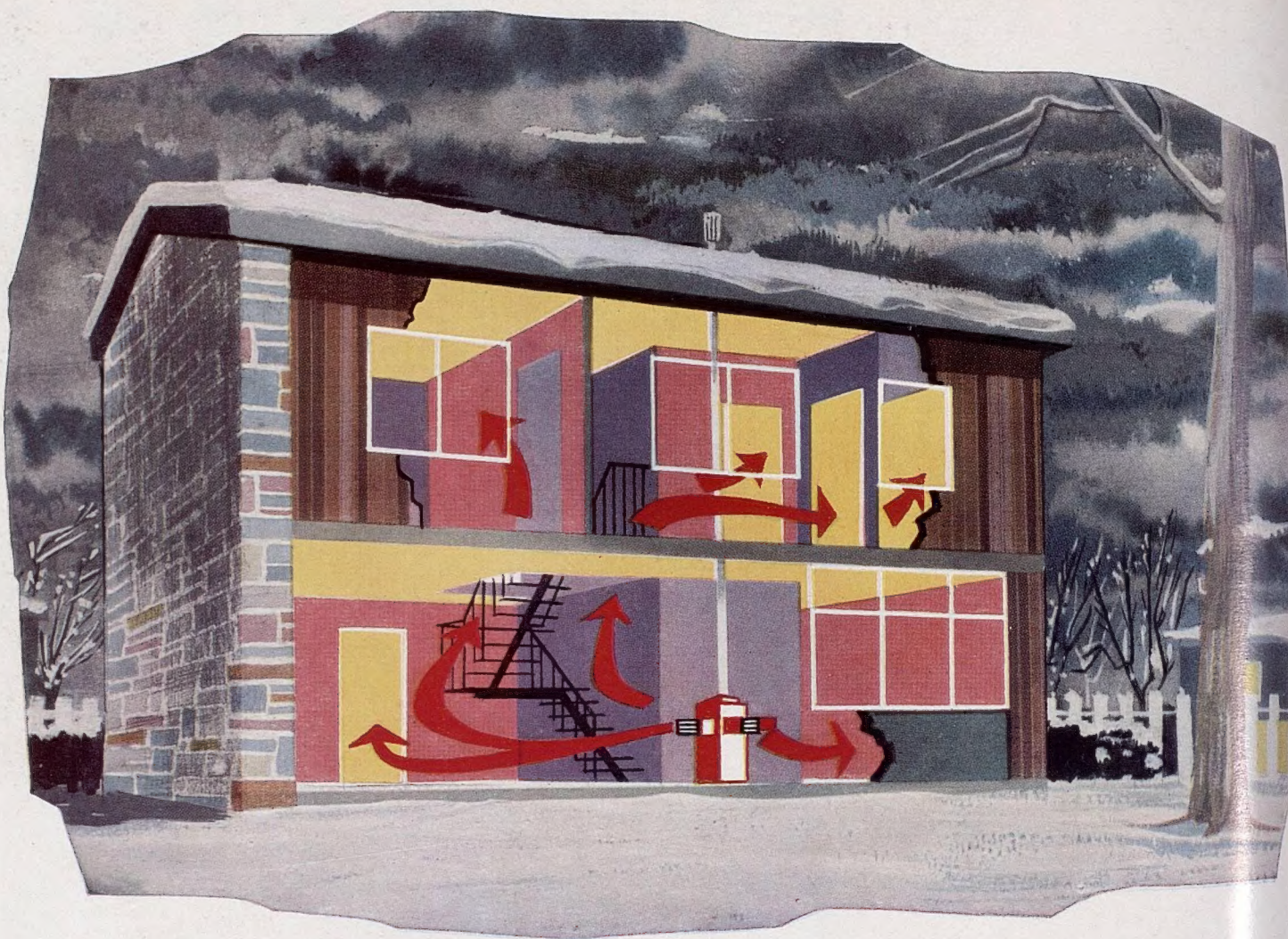
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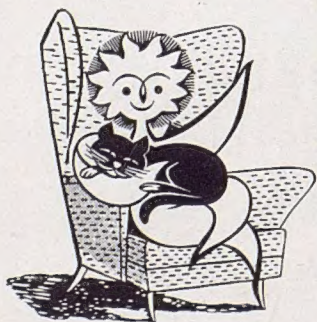


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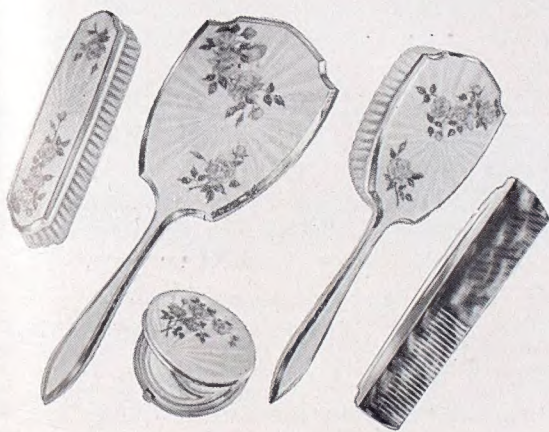
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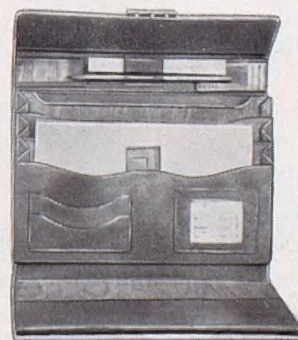


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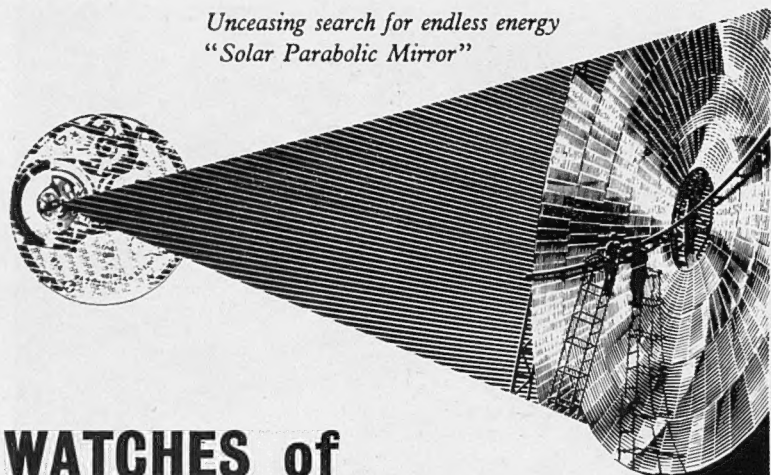
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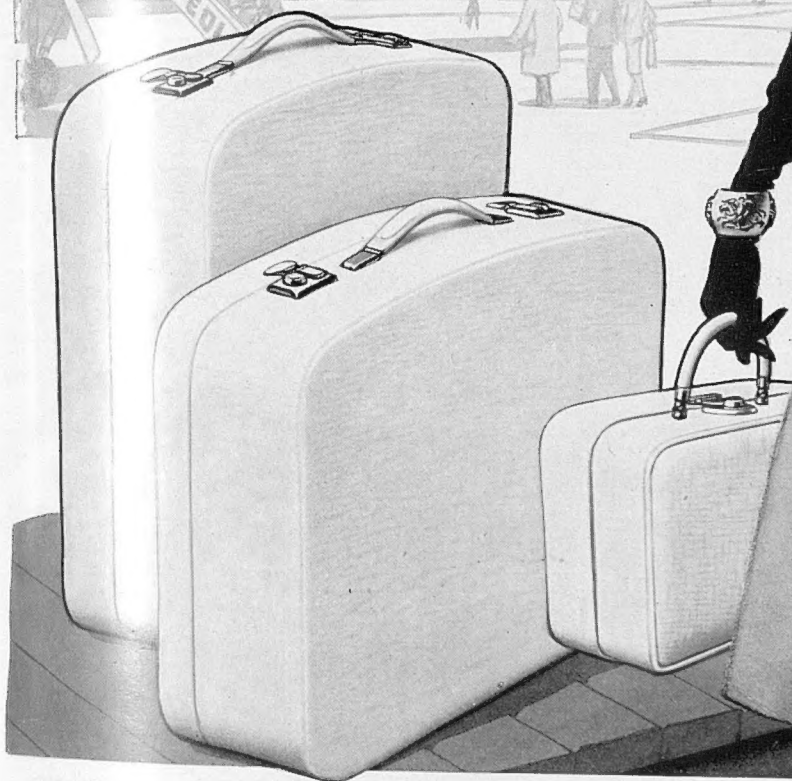


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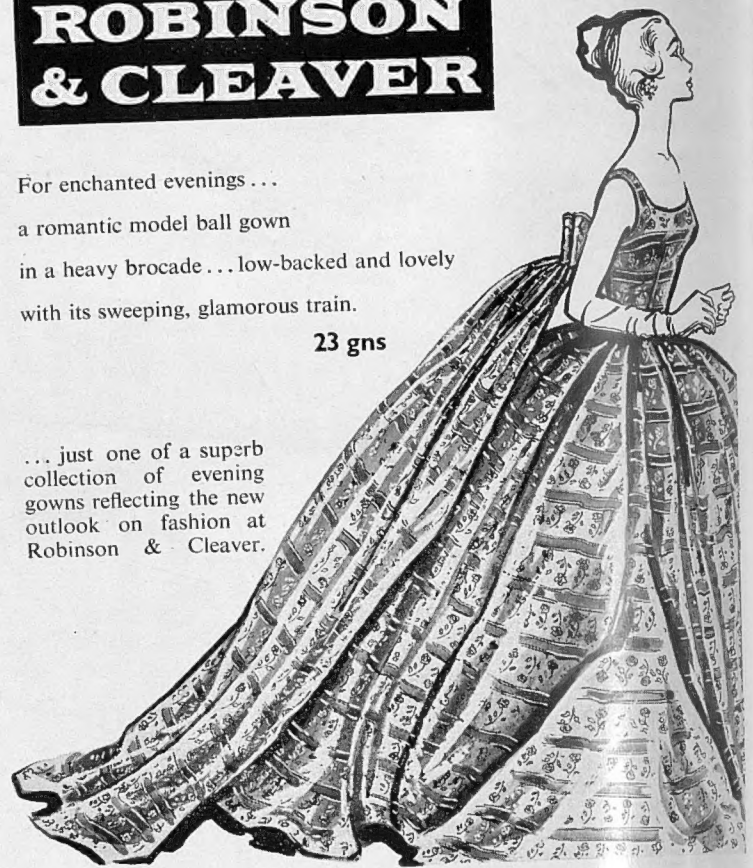
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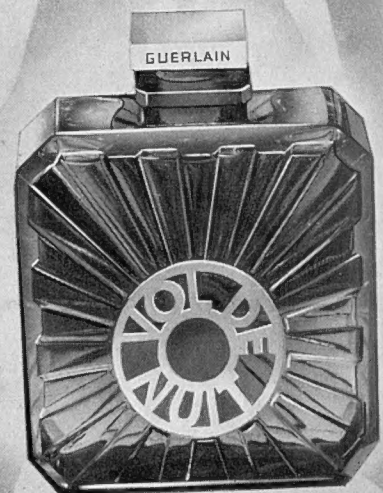
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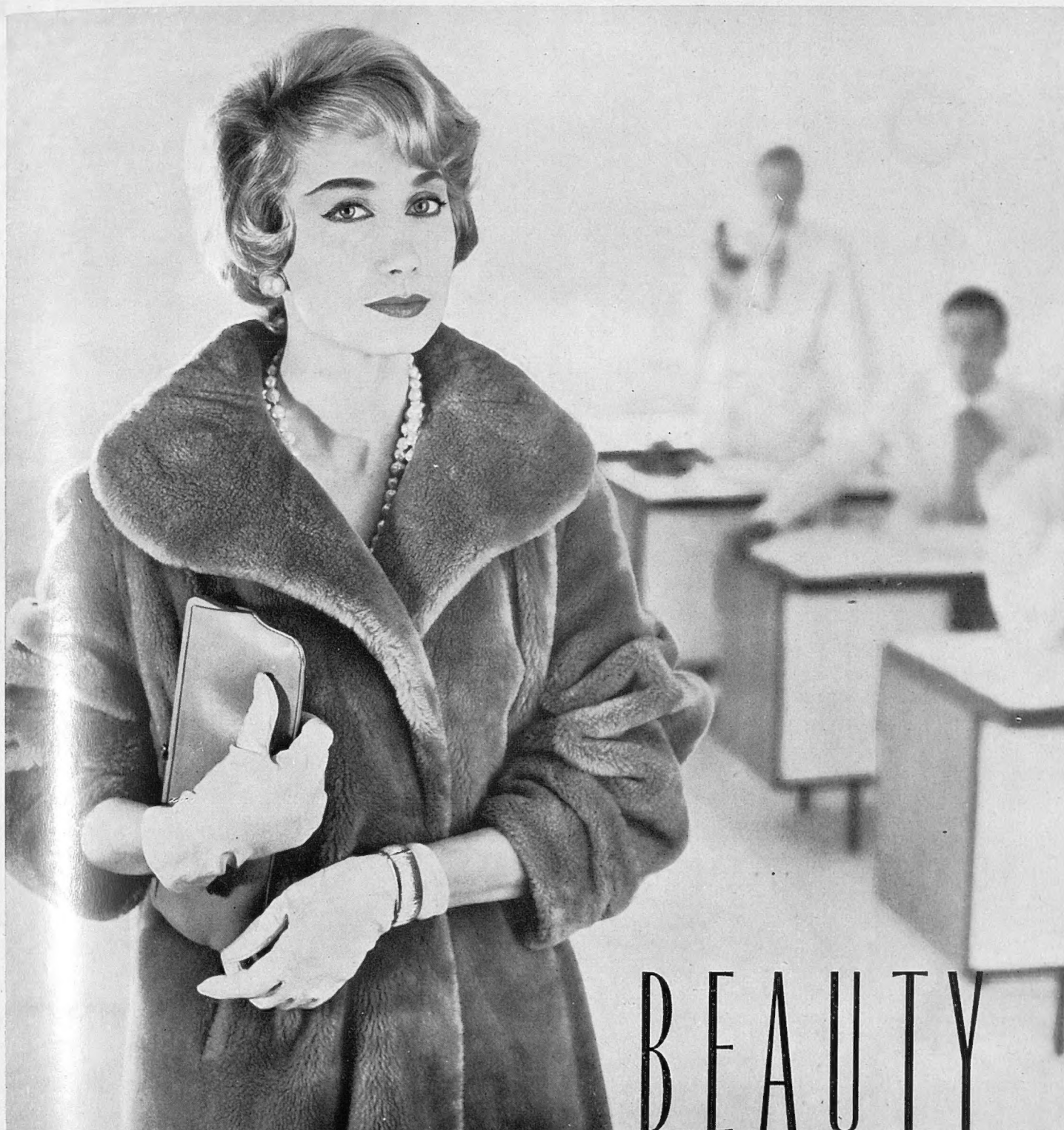
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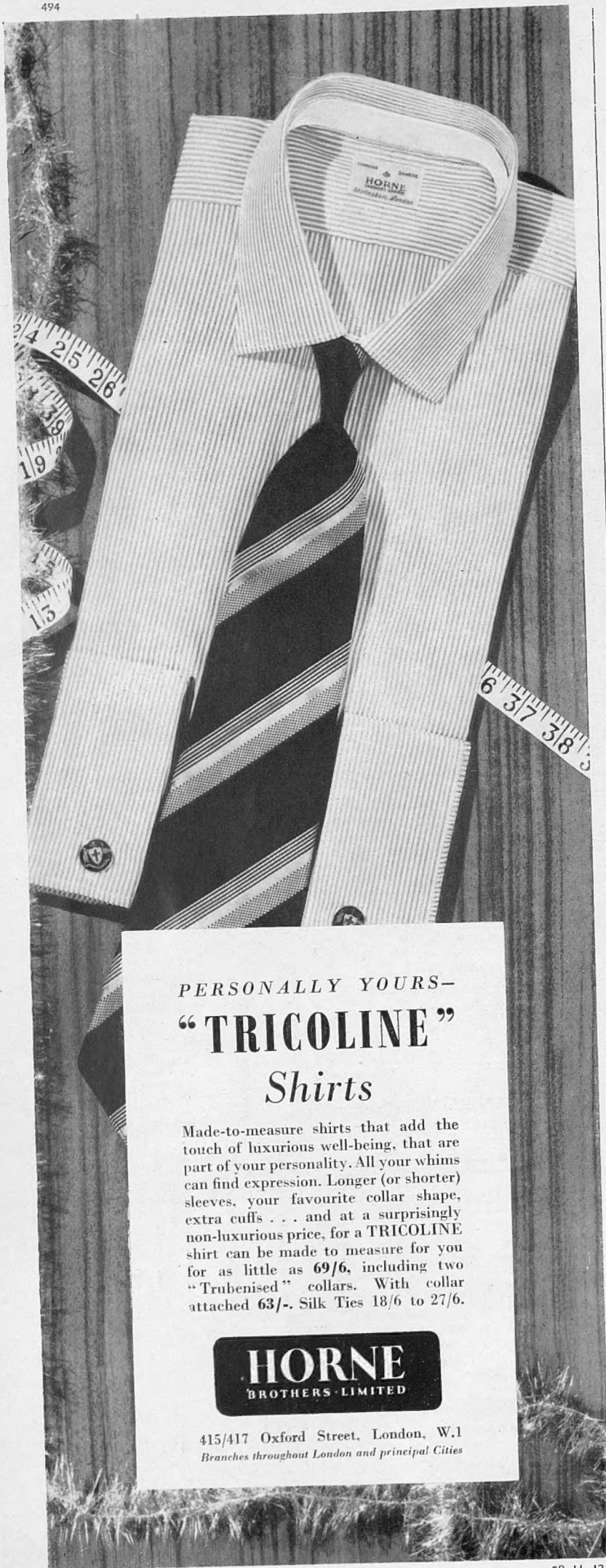
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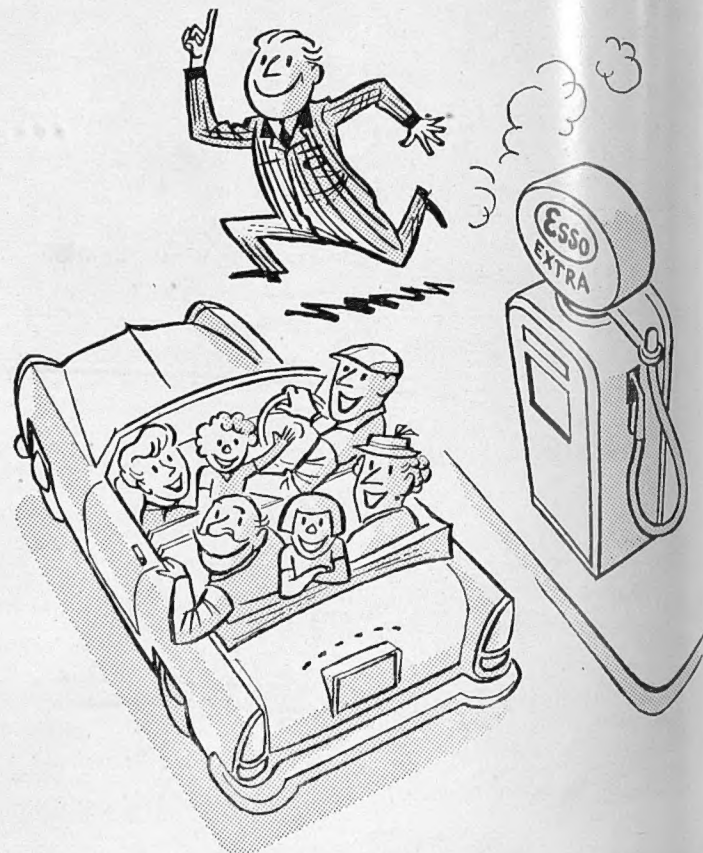
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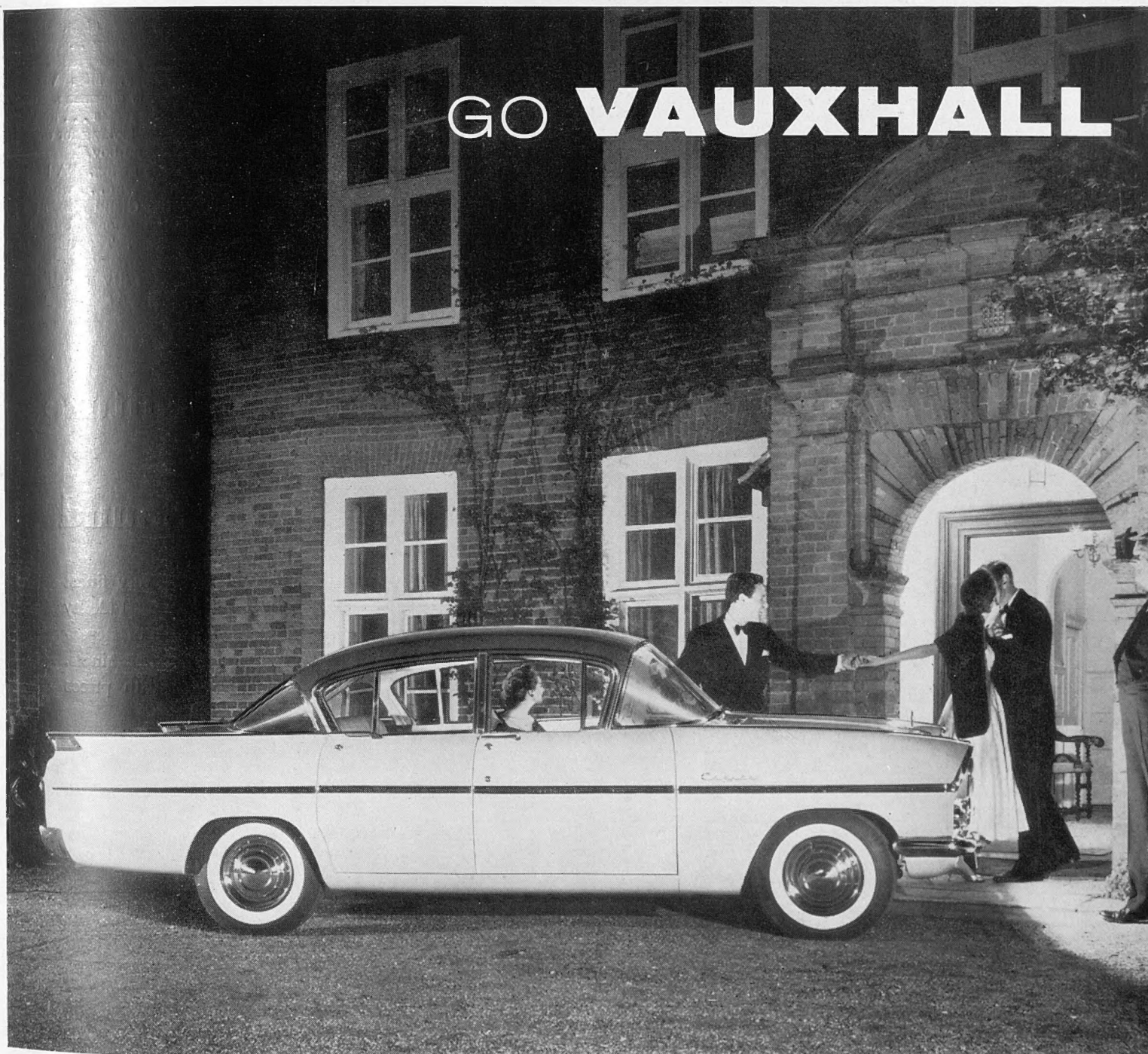
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# WHERE *to go*... WHAT *to see*

## Planning your programme

BY ANDREW HALL

BEFORE the frosts set in, December is one of the mildest winter months and pike fishermen get some of their best fishing in rivers and lakes. Most sporting events are self-evident to the visitor as he travels through the countryside but if you should have any doubts about planning some sort of sporting holiday at this time of year the St. Hubert Sporting Organization, 53 Green Street, W.1, will be glad to give advice and help. Grouse shooting ends on the 10th.

Few entertainments give greater pleasure to all ages than a puppet show. For the first time Mlle. Bradi Barth has brought her company of marionettes to England. With the help of the Tavistock Repertory Company she is to tour Britain, coming to St. Pancras Town Hall on 2 December, and various other London halls until 12 December. Tickets can be obtained from 55b Cadogan Street, S.W.1.

Princess Alexandra is to be guest of honour at a "1910" Ball in aid of an appeal to ensure the future of one of London's last independent art schools—the Byam Shaw School of Drawing and Painting. It will be held at Park Lane House on 12 December and Mr. Bernard Miles is to provide a cabaret.

Speaking of art, the Arts Council will show at the Tate Gallery until 14 December an exhibition of 92 paintings from the collection of M. & Mme. Urvater of Brussels, who are pictured on page 499. The

exhibition presents an opportunity of seeing a comprehensive representation of the surrealists and their followers which has not been equalled in this country since the big London exhibition of 1936.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS  
(from recent contributions):

## Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

**La Corvette**, Spring Grove, Hounslow. "Undoubtedly provides the haute cuisine. Dishes are cooked to your individual requirements and 'Flambé' at the table is one of the specialties."

**Fontana Hotel**, Queen Street, Oxford. "A gastronomic oasis... especially if you like Italian food. Patronized by a gay and cosmopolitan crowd... fully licensed, and open until midnight."

## Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

**My Fair Lady** (Drury Lane Theatre). "Every bit as good as it was cracked up to be. Stanley Holloway a mainstay of enjoyment. Julie Andrews spirited and beautiful... sings charmingly. But it is Rex Harrison's evening."

**The Elder Statesman** (Cambridge Theatre). "His latest play (from Mr. T. S. Eliot) is going to give his devoted following a bit of a shock... completely sincere..."

dialogue is a pleasure to hear... particularly well cast. Mr. Paul Rogers does remarkably well."

**Living For Pleasure** (Garrick Theatre). "A good revue. Miss Dora Bryan... brings home the laughter. Mr. Addinsell's music is agreeable."

**Irma La Douce** (Lyric Theatre). "Amusing piece of frivolity... a sentimental fantasy. Miss Elizabeth Seal works... with sympathetic vivacity."

## Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

**Me And The Colonel**. "Mr. Danny Kaye, under Mr. Peter Glenville's direction, proves himself an extremely good straight actor and gives an impressive performance... the pace is leisurely"

**Virgin Island**. "Sunny... a fresh and sparkling comedy with just a dash of drama. Miss Virginia Maskell... is charming. With Mr. John Cassavetes... and Mr. Sidney Poitier looking for once as happy as a sand-boy."

**The Cranes Are Flying**. "A beautifully directed film... which was awarded the Grand Prix at the Cannes International Film Festival this year. The subtle and poignant performance of Tatiana Samoilova fully merits the individual award she won."



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# The TATLER

& BY ANDER

Vol. CCX No. 2994

26 November 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Alan Vines

PERSONALITY

## Surrealist champions

M. & MME. J. BERTOLD URVATER, from Brussels, are devotees of radical trends in contemporary art. The 92 pictures from their private collection of 4 to 500 oil paintings and gouaches, now on view at the Tate Gallery, represent the largest group of surrealism seen here for more than 20 years.

There are 18 pictures by Max Ernst, 12 by Klee and works by Magritte, Matta, Wilfredo Lam, Chirico, Tanguy, Miro, Wols, Delvaux and Bacon. Many of them are M. Urvater's older treasures, for he began collecting at 18. He was influenced by his father, himself a noted collector.

After inheriting the family raw-diamond importing business, he and his late elder brother continued buying pictures. M.

Urvater's first choice was the Flemish Expressionist school, but later he began collecting the surrealists who dominated the art controversies of the '30s. His main interest lies now in what he calls the "lyrical abstracts" of the École de Paris.

His wife Gaëtane, a Parisian of Italian origin, studied opera-singing before their marriage ten years ago, and shares her husband's artistic interests and taste. The collection is as much her own as his.

M. Urvater keeps his diamond-importing and picture-collecting apart, but likes to hang his recent acquisitions in his office. He recalls that business acquaintances laughed at him ten years ago, but now they are impressed by the prices paid for modern art.





**Gaggero—Healing (above):** Miss Marie Louise Healing, elder daughter of Major & Mrs. N. D. P. Healing, Morpeth Mansions, London, S.W.1, married Mr. Joseph James Gaggero, elder son of Sir George & Lady Gaggero, Prince Edward Road, Gibraltar, at the Church of Our Most Holy Redeemer, Cheyne Row, Chelsea

**Wright—Armitage (right):** Miss Angela Armitage, daughter of Mrs. A. Armitage, Hyde Park Gardens Mews, W.2, and the late Mr. R. M. Armitage (Noel Gay), married Mr. Anthony Dickson Wright, son of Mr. & Mrs. A. Dickson Wright, Circus Rd., W.8, at St. James's, Spanish Place



**Brown—Hayes-Jones:** Miss Sonya Vicki Hayes-Jones, daughter of Mrs. Betty Hayes-Jones, Montagu Place, Montagu Avenue, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, married Lt. Denis Frank Brown, R.N., son of Mr. & Mrs. Stewart Brown, Oldtown House, Carlow, Eire, at St. Cuthbert's, Philbeach Gardens



**Thomson—Tear:** Miss Barbara Tear, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. James E. Tear, Abbey Lane, Beauchief, Sheffield, married Mr. Francis Thomson, son of Mr. & Mrs. F. C. Thomson, Elgin, Moray, at St. Columba's, Pont Street



**Rugg—Lyons:** Miss Laurel Fay Lyons, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. F. Lyons, Arlington House, St. James's, married Mr. Robin Rugg, son of Mr. & Mrs. E. P. Rugg, Montagu Square, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster



**Thomas-Davies—Garner:** Miss Frances Garner, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. F. H. Garner, Linmeade, Girton Road, Cambridge, married Mr. John Thomas-Davies, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. Thomas-Davies, Dickers Farm, East Ashling, Chichester, at St. Edward King & Martyr, Cambridge



**Bancroft—Livesey:** Miss Susan Livesey, daughter of Mr. T. W. Livesey, Blackburn, and of Mrs. Norman Isherwood, Pleasington, Lancashire, married Mr. John Bancroft, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Bancroft, Blackburn, at St. James's Church, Blackburn, Lancs



## SOCIAL JOURNAL

# Cheltenham's fine start to the jumping

by JENNIFER

**B**y a happy arrangement, the first big steeplechase of the National Hunt season now coincides with the last day of flat racing and so quickly gets the jumping under way. The valuable race for the Hennessy Gold Cup (sponsored by James Hennessy & Co.), a handicap steeplechase sweepstake with £5,000 added, run just over three miles of the Cheltenham racecourse, was inaugurated only last year, but it has already become one of the most important fixtures of the N.H. season. It must have pleased the directors of this racecourse to see the members' enclosure, and others, nearly as full as they are on Gold Cup day, the climax of the National Hunt festival at Cheltenham. This, in spite of the counter-attractions of hunting (most neighbouring hunts have a Saturday meet) and shooting.

In fact, the owners of two winners during the afternoon were not present to see their horses run as they were both shooting. These were Sir Nigel Nordaunt and Mr. Dick Wilkins, who own *In The Wood*, winner of the second race, and *Zucarelli* winner of the fourth race. Both were trained by Mr. Peter Cazalet at Fairlawne.

The Hennessy Gold Cup was won by *Taxidermist*, superbly ridden by the Hon. John Lawrence, owned jointly by Mrs. Peter Hastings-Bass and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, and trained by the latter's husband. The result was declared after a photo-finish which placed that game mare *Kerstin*, owned by Mr. George Moore and trained in Northumberland by Major C. Bewicke, second by a short head, and Mr. H. J. Joel's *Caesar's Helm* third, four lengths behind. It was a most exciting finish for *Taxidermist* was only fifth over the last fence, but was urged on by his brilliant young rider "Never-

say-can't" Lawrence and suddenly found a burst of speed. This enabled him to fly up the stiff hill, pass all the other horses, and literally pip *Kerstin* on the post!

## Intuition paid off

No one was more excited than the joint owners, who had insisted on running their horse against their trainer's advice as he had always found *Taxidermist* disliked heavy going. It was certainly heavy and holding at this meeting.

*Taxidermist*, winner of the Whitbread Cup at Sandown last April, has now won more than £10,000 in stakes. After the race Mrs. Hastings-Bass received the beautiful gold cup from Mme. Kilian Hennessy, who won the race last year with her good chaser *Mandarin* (also trained by Fulke Walwyn). In spite of carrying top weight *Mandarin* started favourite this year, but only finished fifth, having met with a certain amount of misfortune on the course.

Before racing began the partners of James Hennessy & Co. gave a delightful luncheon party in the directors' luncheon room. The Hennessy family have been closely connected with racing under both rules in England and France for generations.

## At the luncheon party

Members of the family I met at this cheerful gathering, which made a splendid start to an enjoyable day's racing, were M. Maurice Hennessy, the quiet and much respected head of the French side of the family, who is a staunch supporter of racing in France under both rules. His chic wife did not accompany him this year as she was



Barry Swaabe

**BUTTERFLY DRESS:** Madame Leon Maria Guerrero, wife of the Philippine Ambassador in London, dressed in the *Turno*—national costume of her country—with its enormous butterfly sleeves. Mme. Guerrero wore the white jersey gown at a diplomatic reception given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace

too busy moving into their new home near Paris.

M. Kilian Hennessy, who missed last year's race as he was away on a business trip in the Far East, was there with his charming English-born wife, and I met the Hon. Frederick Hennessy who was responsible for arranging the successful luncheon and also, I believe, for the design of the gold cup; his attractive wife was busy looking after guests. His elder brother Lord Windlesham, accompanied by Lady Windlesham, was over from Ireland for the occasion, and other guests were their sister the Hon. Mrs. Fordyce, also members of the younger generation, including the Hon. Annabel Hennessy, Mr. & Mrs. Tim Koch de Gooreynd and her sister Miss "Susie" Hennessy (who since she returned from the U.S. has been working in advertising).

## Ambassadors took the train

Lord Willoughby de Broke, chairman of Cheltenham racecourse, and Lady Willoughby de Broke had his aunt the Hon. Mrs. Basil Hanbury (a great character in Warwickshire) with them in the Royal Box, also the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquis de Santa Cruz, with the Spanish Ambassador to Ireland, Senor Mariano Iturralde, and his wife who were enjoying their first day's racing in England. Like myself and many others, the two ambassadors travelled down from London for the day on the comfortable



## Ideas for presents

**IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:** If you're stuck for ideas for presents watch for next week's Christmas Shopping Number of *THE TATLER*. A 20-page illustrated section in four-colour and half-tone will suggest presents at all sorts of prices for all sorts of people—from antiques to children's books

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LONDON, W.C.2

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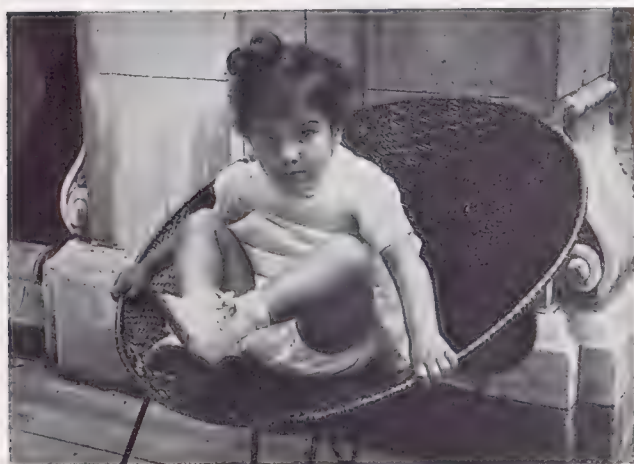




Fayer

ROBERT, nine months, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. G. Barclay, *Beaches Manor, Brent Pelham, Herts*

## Other People's Babies



J. Allan Cash

MANJARA, two years, daughter of Mrs. Chandrakha Mehta and granddaughter of Mrs. Vijaya Pandit, Indian High Commissioner in London

CHARLES, two years, son of Mr. & Mrs. David Manwaring Robertson, *Ketches, Newick, nr. Lewes*



Tom Hustler

"special race return" which ran to time on both journeys in spite of fog.

Earl Cadogan travelled down to see his horse Cool Reception run in the Gloucestershire Hurdle, and his niece, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Berens and her husband were also there. Others I saw racing were the Marquess of Abergavenny who is a N.H. steward, Lt.-Col. "Babe" Moseley, Major Dermot Daly and Capt. Michael Gosling, M.F.H., who were stewards of this meeting with Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Peter Duncanson, Mr. John Rogerson (another N.H. steward, who had won a race here the previous day) and his wife, who were motoring back to their home in Sussex, and Col. & Mrs. W. H. Whitbread, who ran their good novice Just Awake in the Hennessy Gold Cup.

Also: Lord & Lady Leigh who had a runner in the first race ridden by their second son the Hon. William Leigh, Lady Leigh's sister Mrs. Hill who came up from Chepstow with her husband Col. Roderick Hill, and Lady Honor Svejdar over from Ireland to see her Irish trained Grappa finish second to In The Wood, in the second race.

### The favourite failed

Major & Mrs. Derek Wigan had the disappointment of seeing their good hurdler Mulley (who started favourite) fall in this race. Col. & Mrs. John Christian were there also the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken, whose Pundit finished second in the last race, and Mr. Hector & Lady Jean Christie who also had a runner during the afternoon.

Others racing were Lady Biddulph, Lady Lettice Cotterell and her sister Lady Sibell Rowley, Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, Mr. & Mrs. Ken Bailey, Cdr. & the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn who came with Capt. & Mrs. Charles Tremayne (who as usual were dispensing hospitality in their luncheon room), the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott, Comte & Comtesse de Pret-Roose, who left after the big race to motor home to Somerset, Capt. & Mrs. Charles Radclyffe, Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan, Mr. & Mrs. Richard Quarry, Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, his daughter, Mrs. Hugh Brassey.

Major "Cuddy" Stirling Stuart, and Mr. Phil Forsyth-Forrest.

I saw too Mr. & Mrs. Keith Cameron, Major Philip Profumo, Major Ronnie Aird, Cdr. & Mrs. Kenneth Kemble, Mrs. Bankier, Mr. & Mrs. "Curley" Rogers who were staying with one of their sons in the district, Mrs. Sam McGregor whose husband has bred many winners under both rules, Mrs. Francis Dashwood, Mrs. Audrey Hazlerigg, the Hon. George Borwick in a box with a party of friends, and Miss Sally Croker-Poole escorted by the Earl of Suffolk and Mr. Philip de Laszlo. (Pictures opposite.)

### A king's birthday party

On my return from Cheltenham races I went straight from Paddington to the Belgian Embassy in Belgrave Square. Here the Ambassador & Mme. van Meerbeke were giving a reception to celebrate King Baudouin's birthday. Although I arrived near the end, many guests were still scattered around the fine first floor and the downstairs reception rooms, which earlier I was told had been quite crowded. In spite of the party being held on a Saturday a number of members of both Houses of Parliament and of the Diplomatic Corps were present.

Among friends I saw on arrival were Signor Zoppi the Italian Ambassador, author Lord Keyes who is busy writing a book, and Lady Illingworth, who is being a fairy godmother to her pretty débutante god-daughter Miss Lavinia Moreton, and having her to stay for the season in her fine Grosvenor Square home. This is the only private house, I believe, still occupied by its owner in this Americanized and much re-built square. Also: Mr. Peter Whitwell and his attractive Belgian-born wife who was Princess Beatrice de Ligne, and is now making such a success of textile designing, the Hon. William & Mrs. Watson Armstrong, Sir Charles & Lady Norton, Mr. Doric Bosson and his pretty wife, the Belgian Assistant Military, Naval and Air Attaché Commandant Georges Cuissart de Grelle, and Mrs. Terence Maxwell just back from a whirlwind trip to the U.S. (Photographs on p. 507.)

### Welcome for an envoy

Viscount Davidson who has had wide connections in South America (and his family before him for two generations) presided at the luncheon given by the Anglo-Argentine Society in honour of the new Argentine Ambassador & Mme. Hartung. This took place in the ballroom of the Hyde Park Hotel and was attended by more than 200 men and women, many with interests in the Argentine, among them some who had spent part of their lives in the country. The new Ambassador was here some years ago as Naval Attaché and speaks good English. His speech in reply to Lord Davidson's welcome was forceful and well delivered.

Viscountess Davidson was present and received the guests with her husband and the guests of honour. Among those present were the Rt. Hon. George Ward, Secretary of State for Air, the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps Maj.-Gen. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones & Lady Salisbury-Jones, Vice-Admiral D.

[Continued on page 504]





Sir Humphrey Clarke (he lives at Bibury Court in Gloucestershire) with Mme. A. Boucard



Mr. J. Schilizzy with Miss Helena Schilizzy. They both come from Northamptonshire



Above, right: Major and Mrs. Allrey. With them was their daughter, Miss Fiona Allrey

## RACING

*Taxidermist, owned by two women, wins the Hennessy Gold Cup at Cheltenham*



Maj.-Gen. R. W. Craddock (he is on leave from Germany) with his wife and their son, Richard



Mr. John Lawrence on Taxidermist (right) wins from Kerstin in the Hennessy Gold Cup race, main event of the Cheltenham meeting



Madame Peggy Hennessy presents the cup to Mrs. P. Hastings-Bass who owns Taxidermist with Mrs. F. Walwyn (right). Left, is Lord Willoughby de Broke



Above, left: Col. John Smith-Maxwell and Miss Ailsa Smith-Maxwell. They are both members of the Heythrop Hunt



Major R. G. Fanshawe and Mrs. E. Heathcote. There was a record crowd of spectators

Viscount Hereford. With him is his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Devereux. They come from Leominster





PARTY MEETING: Baron Bentinck (the Netherlands Ambassador) talks with the Countess of Albemarle at the May Fair Hotel during the dinner dance which was given by the Anglo-Netherlands Society

Holland-Martin the Second Sea Lord, Mr. Evelyn Baring the banker, who is chairman of the Anglo-Argentine Society, and Senhor and Senhora Ernesto Piaggio; he is Minister at the Argentine Embassy. I also met that charming personality Mr. Walter Warwick, one of the most able and respected men in the shipping world, Brig. Derek Schreiber and his stepdaughter Baroness Darcy de Kanyth, and Mr. & Mrs. G. P. Ritchie; Mr. Ritchie is the efficient honorary secretary of the society and told me he was off a few days later on a business trip to South America.

Others there included Cdr. & Mrs. M. Cunningham, the latter chic in navy blue (he was flying over to Germany on a business trip that afternoon), Lady Mabane, and Mr. Cahen D'Anvers who is studying banking in London and then going out to the Argentine. He was escorting Mlle. A. Bourbon who had just arrived from Paris.

Mrs. Marie-Louise Arnold was present, also Mr. Gonzalez Moreno and his pretty wife, Mr. & Mrs. A. S. Matthews, the Hon. Mrs. Graeme Parish, her mother Viscountess Grantchester, and Mr. John Houlder who is in shipping, and also a keen skier. He told me he was ski-ing near St. Moritz after their first fall of snow in October, and often flies himself over at weekends.

### Cocktails in a showroom

The directors of Lillywhites gave a pleasant Winter Sports Party in one of the showrooms of their headquarters in Piccadilly Circus. Around the walls were skis (the A.15 and Head Ski seem the fashionable ones this season), ski-boots with details of their intricate manufacture, and other ski clothes, while a few models including two children paraded among the guests wearing the latest lines in reversible anoraks and other ski kit.

Among the young girls showing off these neat clothes were Miss Clarissa Caccia, a débutante in 1957 and daughter of our Ambassador in Washington and Lady Caccia. Clarissa, like many young girls today, found herself this job.

At the party I met Admiral Ross, president of the successful and much appreciated Services Winter Sports Scheme, and his wife, Mr. Kenneth Foster, for many years president of the D.H.O. Ski-club, and Mr. & Mrs. Ruairaidh Hilleary who both go out ski-ing every winter; Mrs. Hilleary as Sheena

Mackintosh skied for England on many occasions.

I also met Mr. & Mrs. Jack May, devotees of Grindelwald, who will be going out there again in the New Year, Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune who is going out to Gstaad with Miss "Soss" Roe as the British representatives, Mr. Eric Lewnes, Mrs. Tennant who is always a mine of information at the Ski Club of Great Britain in Eaton Square, and Mrs. Nicoll. The latter's daughter Elspeth has been one of our leading girl skiers for the past two or three seasons and is, she told me, already out in Austria training. Before she went to Austria Elspeth, I heard, had been taking a chauffeur's driving and maintenance course with Rolls-Royce, which sounds practical and original. Sir Charles Taylor, M.P., and members of his family, who are all enthusiasts, were at the party, too.

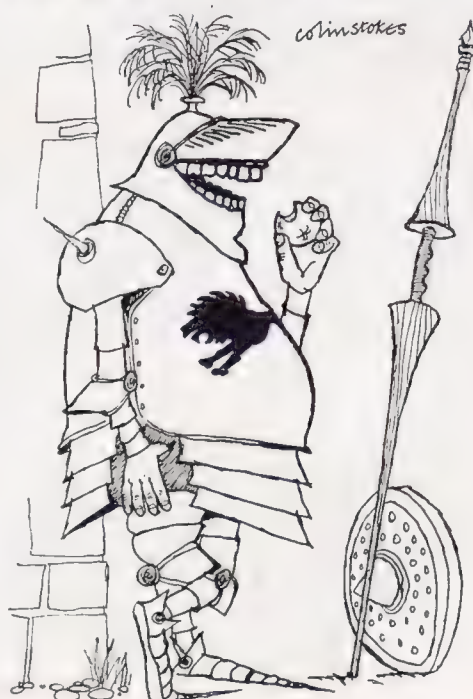
From here I went on to the Prince of Wales Theatre for the first night of the gay and colourful British musical *Chrysanthemum* which stars Pat Kirkwood and her husband Hubert Gregg. They are a splendid team and are backed up by a vivacious cast who make the show spin along.

### A preview for the Princess

Princess Margaret is to attend the preview of the new American musical *West Side Story* at Her Majesty's Theatre on 11 December, which promises to be a brilliant evening. This preview is being given in aid of the Royal Ballet School, and the committee running it is headed by Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, president, Lady Ogilvy, chairman, and Viscount Hambleden, honorary treasurer. Tickets, which range in price from seven shillings to ten guineas, from Lady Ogilvy, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.

On 29 November the Cambridge University United Hunts Club Ball will take place in the Pitt Club. Tickets £4 4s. from G. Hartigan, Esq., The Pitt Club, Cambridge.

## STOKES JOKES



### The ladies were thanked

I spent an enjoyable evening at the annual dinner-dance of the Anglo-Turkish Society, at the Hyde Park Hotel. Guests sat at candlelit tables around the dance floor and at the end of dinner there were short speeches, Viscount Davidson, president of the society, proposing "The Guests," to which the Turkish Ambassador H.E. Muharrem Nuri Birgi replied. Both paid a tribute to the ladies of the dinner-dance committee who had organized it so well. These included Mrs. Edward Sutro, the chairman, chic in white satin, Lady Norman Roberts in green, and Mrs. Coleman, the joint deputy chairmen.

The Turkish Ambassador had a big party at his table including Countess Jellicoe, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Lady Kelly (whose husband Sir David Kelly is one of the vice-presidents of the society), and Sir Herbert & Lady Cohen. Viscount & Viscountess Davidson had a party at an adjoining table and nearby the Yugoslav Ambassador & Mme. Ivo Vejvoda, attractive in black and white satin, were in Mr. & Mrs. Edward Sutro's party which also included M. Berduk Olgacay and Commander & Mme. Olcay of the Turkish Embassy, Mr. John Synge and film actor Nigel Patrick and his attractive wife.

At the next table the Lebanese Ambassador was in a party which included M. Halefoglou, Counsellor at the Turkish Embassy, and his wife, Mr. A. D. M. Ross of the Foreign Office and his pretty wife who was in a mink-trimmed dress, and Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Stirling who won several prizes with their lucky programmes. Others present included Air Vice-Marshal Gould Lee, chairman of the society, and Mrs. Gould Lee, Admiral Roberts (who has recently returned from a trip to Australia), the Hon. Sir Steven Runciman, Mr. Dennis Vosper, M.P., and his wife, and Major & Mrs. Hamish Forbes.

### Programmes made £2,000

From here I went on soon after midnight to the Dorchester where the Children's Society Ball was in full swing. Princess Alexandra of Kent was there, looking enchanting in a dress made from a pink and gold sari, in a party of young friends including the Hon. Angus Ogilvy and the Hon. Elizabeth Sidney, whose mother, Viscountess De L'Isle, was chairman of the ball. Mrs. Reginald Williams was vice-chairman and had worked hard especially with the programme advertisements which made £2,000; Mrs. Antony Hunter was in charge of the wonderful tombola, and Countess Natasha Tolstoy chairman of an active junior committee. The whole evening was extremely well run and must result in a fine sum for the Children's Society (formerly the Waifs & Strays), which takes care of approximately 4,500 children and is supported by voluntary contributions.

Among those I saw were Viscount De L'Isle, Mr. Reginald Williams, Col. E. St. J. & Lady Kathleen Birnie, Lady Moyra Hamilton, Count & Countess Dmitri Tolstoy, the Mayor of Westminster & Mrs. Cobbold, Mr. Francis Fisher the former Mayor of Kensington, Mr. & Mrs. John Guest the former Mayor & Mayoress of Marylebone, and Mr. & Mrs. Everard Gates.

[Continued on page 506]



# LORD'S TAVERNERS

*hold their eighth annual  
ball at Grosvenor House*



Above: Lady Fermoy with Sir John Barbirolli, this year's president of the Taverners. Centre: Lt.-Cdr. Michael Parker (one of the first Taverners) with Mrs. John Mills. Right: Mr. & Mrs. Jack Payne. He has been chairman of the Taverners for the past two years. A mock P.T. display followed the cabaret

## LORD-LIEUTENANT

*of Staffordshire gives a county ball at Stafford*



Top: The Lord-Lieutenant of Staffordshire, Mr. Harold Wallace-Copland (he is a solicitor and a company director) received the guests with his wife. The soldier is dressed in the uniform which was worn by the South Staffordshire Regiment of 1705



Van Hallan  
Lt.-Col. C. G. M. Boote with Mrs. J. B. Davies.  
The ball helped the county pre-service units



Mrs. W. Donnelly with the Hon. Hugh Fraser.  
He is M.P. for the Stone Division of Stafford



Desmond O'Neill  
Top: Mrs. Montgomerie Charrington  
and Sir Charles Norton. He is  
chairman of the Hurlingham Club

Above: Mr. Denis Compton (an  
honorary member) with Mrs. Michael  
Denison (Dulcie Gray, the actress)



JENNIFER *continued***An earl's daughter weds**

Lady Sarah Cadogan, eldest daughter of Earl & Countess Cadogan, made a lovely bride as she walked down the long aisle of Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, with her good-looking young bridegroom the Hon. James Cecil, elder son of Lord & Lady Rockley. The bride wore a dress of white wild silk with a full skirt finished at the back with a large lovers' knot. Her tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara. She was attended by a page and child bridesmaid, Peter Innes and Emma Meade-Fetherstonhaugh, the little boy in a white shirt and long blue satin trousers, and Emma in a long white organza dress trimmed with blue ribbon.

The six older bridesmaids wore attractive Empire line dresses of pale lilac organza, slotted with saxe blue ribbon, and bows of blue ribbon in their hair. They were the bride's sisters Lady Daphne and Lady Caroline Cadogan, the bridegroom's sister the Hon. Elizabeth Cecil, the Hon. Linda Grosvenor, Miss Anne Doughty-Tichborne, and Miss June Ducas. The Hon. Charles Cecil was best man to his brother, and at the reception given by the bride's parents at the Hyde Park Hotel he proposed the health of the young couple with the simple words "The bride and bridegroom"; there were no speeches. Everyone remarked on the exquisite flower arrangements, which had been done by Lady Rose McLaren.

**The tenants were guests**

Countess Cadogan looked charming in a Wedgwood blue silk coat and a little veiling hat as she stood receiving the guests with Earl Cadogan. Lord & Lady Rockley, the latter attractive in blue and green with a little feathered hat, were busy greeting friends. There were nearly 1,000 guests, including many relations and tenants and employees from both family estates. Among the bridegroom's relations were his grandparents Sir Herbert & Lady Meade-Fetherstonhaugh, the Marquess & Marchioness of Salisbury, Lord & Lady Amherst of Hackney, Mr. & Mrs. Lionel Cecil, and Mrs. Richard Meade-Fetherstonhaugh.

Among the bride's family were her brother Viscount Chelsea the chief usher, her grandmothers Mrs. Everard Hambro and the Duchess of Leinster, her aunts Lady Alexandra Norman Smith and her husband, Princess Joan Aly Khan, the Duchess of Bedford and Lady Ebury. Also the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Caroline Waterhouse, the Dowager Lady Hillingdon, the Marquess & Marchioness of Blandford, and Mr. Richard & the Hon. Mrs. Berens. To mention a few of the large number of friends, I saw Doreen Marchioness of Linlithgow and one of her daughters, the Countess of Dundee, Col. & the Hon. Mrs. James Innes, Lord & Lady Howard de Walden, Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Mrs. Graham Bailey and her son David, Mr. & Mrs. Frank Douglas, Major-Gen. Sir Colin & Lady Barber, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Mrs. Guy Lawrence and her daughter Verity, and young marrieds Viscountess Stormont and Viscountess Pollington. After their honeymoon on the Continent, the Hon. James & Lady Sarah Cecil are going to live in Vancouver, where he is working, for two years.

## The ANGLO-TURKISH SOCIETY

*holds a dinner & dance with Turkish dishes on the menu*



Mme. Ivo Vejvoda, wife of the Yugoslav Ambassador with Air Vice-Marshal A. S. Gould Lee. He is chairman of the Anglo-Turkish Society

Desmond O'Neill



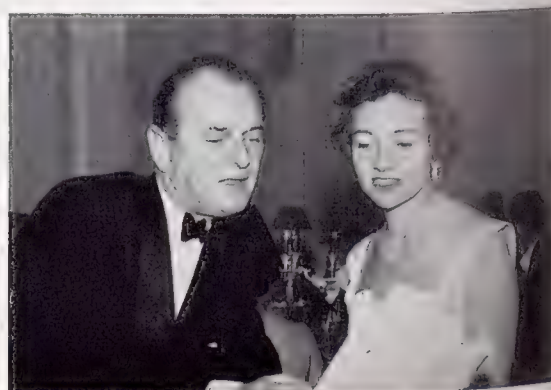
Lady (Norman) Roberts with the Hon. Mrs. K. Suenson-Taylor (she is the daughter-in-law of Lord Grantchester)



Mr. & Mrs. Vahit Halefoglu. He is the Counsellor at the Turkish Embassy in London



Viscount & Viscountess Davidson. He is president of the society and an official of four similar ones



Mr. Nigel Patrick (the actor) with Mrs. Edward Sutro. Mrs. Sutro had just returned by Comet from attending a first night in the United States



# AMBASSADORS

*meet at a Belgian Embassy reception*



The Chilean Ambassador, Senor Don Enrique Balmaceda, and the Baroness De Gerlache de Gomery. She is on the Belgian Embassy staff



The Bolivian Ambassador, Dr. Don Victor Paz Estenssorro, with his wife. The reception was held at the Belgian Embassy in Belgrave Square



The Italian Ambassador, Count Zoppi, with the Hon. Mrs. Watson-Armstrong

The British Ambassador to Moscow in 1949-51, Sir David Kelly, and Lady Kelly



Van Hallen



The Belgian Ambassador with his wife, Mme. Van Meerbeke. They received the guests



The Turkish Ambassador, Mr. Muharrem Nuri Birgi, and M. Edmond Callebaut (of the Belgian Embassy)



The British Ambassador to Moscow in 1939-40, Sir William Seeds. With him at the reception was his daughter, Mrs. John Phipps



The Austrian Ambassador, Dr. Johannes Schwarzenberg (he has been in London since 1955) with Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Philip de Zulueta





## A ball for FLIERS

HELD BY THE FLEET AIR ARM OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION AT LONDONDERRY HOUSE



Van Hallan

Top: Admiral Sir John Arthur Symms Eccles with Mrs. R. L. Bigg-Wither

Top: Mrs. C. R. Callingham and Rear-Admiral Charles L. G. Evans

Above: Miss Jane Hall with Cdr. G. M. Rutherford, chairman of the Fleet Air Arm Officers' Association

Above: Lt.-Cdr. J. T. Courlander with his wife and the lamb he won in the lucky draw held during the ball

Mrs. C. L. G. Evans (wife of Rear-Admiral Evans) makes the draw, helped by Lt.-Cdr. R. H. Redman (he was the secretary of the ball)

## A ball for RIDERS

HELD BY THE COTSWOLD HUNT AT THE PLOUGH HOTEL, CHELTENHAM



Mr. P. Shermin (he is Master and Huntsman of the Cotswold Vale Farmers' Hunt) with Mrs. A. Hammond



Left: Mr. & Mrs. T. M. Ponsonby. Above: Lord Masham (he is studying agriculture), and Miss Caroline Price

Capt. John Lewis (the 11th Hussars) with Miss Kirstie Selar. Many adjacent hunts were represented

Sir Tom O'Brien with Mr. Kenneth de Courcy (a company director and editor of "Intelligence Digest")



# A ball for YACHTSMEN

HELD BY THE BRITISH DRAGON ASSOCIATION  
AT THE HYDE PARK HOTEL IN LONDON



Lt.-Cdr. A. Easton (he sails the Royal yacht *Bluebottle*) with Mrs. R. Bond (her husband is the B.D.A. chairman) and Mr. J. Ewing (a member of the R.Y.A. council)



Desmond O'Neill

Lady Pamela Mountbatten (Earl Mountbatten's daughter) with Mr. J. Andreae



Lady (Gordon) Smith (her husband is vice-chairman of the B.D.A.) and Mr. R. Backus who crewed in *Bluebottle* in the last Olympics

Below: Miss J. Evatt with Mr. Pat Dyas. He is the commodore of the Royal Corinthian Y.C. at Burnham-on-Crouch

Bottom: Mr. R. Bond (chairman of the B.D.A.) with Mme. Robert Pesle (her husband is president of Le Havre Y.C.)



Mr. Leopold de Rothschild (he sails *Snapdragon*) with Diana Lady Avebury who crews in *Dragons*

Mrs. E. Ellsworth Jones (wife of the R.L.Y.C. vice-commodore) with Mr. H. R. Freemantle who races *Sabre*

M. Robert Pesle with Mrs. Glyn Baxter (wife of the rear-commodore of the R.T.Y.C. and the R.L.Y.C.)







## NEWS PORTRAITS

**POTTER** Spanish-born artist, Estella Campavias, who is married to an Englishman, has an exhibition of her work in ceramics at Victor Musgrave's Gallery One next week. She began making ceramics three years ago and has 12 pieces in the exhibition of British arts and crafts now at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. A perfectionist, she sometimes destroys as many as 20 pots before reaching her desired standard of production

Ida Kar







Ida Kar

Lewis Morley

**PLAYWRIGHT** Kenneth Jupp had never had a play published or produced when the Arts Council awarded him a £500 bursary to encourage him to write for the theatre. He threw up his career as a businessman and now two of his plays have been bought by a leading West End theatrical management. One of them, *The Buskers*, which first attracted the attention of the Council, is being produced in March. He hopes to have a third finished soon

**PRETENDER** Archduke Otto of Hapsburg—45-year-old Pretender to the Austro-Hungarian throne—held a reception in London to launch the English edition of his book, *The Social Order Of Tomorrow*, which has been published by Oswald Rolph. The book has already reached a fourth edition in German. Archduke Otto, who lives in Bavaria, has written four books

**PLAYER** Anthony Hayes played the leading rôle in *The Boy Friend* when the curtain first went up on the Sandy Wilson musical on 14 April 1953. Five years later he is still playing the rôle and tonight the Duchess of Gloucester will attend the 2,000th performance at Wyndham's Theatre. Only two other London theatre productions have exceeded 2,000 performances—*Chu-Chin-Chow* and *The Mousetrap*





# Encounter with the Russian way of life



by Brigadier

J. V.

DAVIDSON-  
HOUSTON

*lately British military  
attaché in Moscow.  
He is shortly  
publishing a book  
of his experiences*

THE AUTHOR DRESSED  
FOR MOSCOW'S WINTER



"EXCUSE ME, are you American?" asked the young Muscovite in the State Universal Store.

Startled, I put him right on this point—at which he seemed pleased.

"You do not want war?"

"No, not me," I replied. "As a matter of fact I am looking for some gramophone records."

He smiled. "Please, I will help you."

As we struggled through the crowds with which all Russian shops are beset all the time, he initiated a series of topical discussions.

"How do you like Moscow? What do you think of the ballet? Have you seen the *Metro*?"

To the last I replied haughtily that London built the first underground railway in eighteen-ninety-something.

"But then it must be very old-fashioned."

I soon tired of this young man and left for a smaller shop down the road. I found that the quality and prices of things varied not at all between one shop and another, since they were all operated by the government. Every day was like a January sale. I pressed hopefully into a music store, where harassed but patient girls were putting on records for customers to try. Seeing my foreign clothes and appearance, several of the crowd politely made way for me, and a girl behind the counter gave me special attention.

"I want some records of national dances," I said.

"*Foks trol?*"

"No, the dances of the Soviet peoples."

"Of which people?" (I was to learn that Russians are not accustomed to having to use their own discretion.)

"Oh, Uzbekistan, Ukraine, and so on," I suggested.

"I will ask."

She came back a couple of minutes later, announcing that they had nothing from Uzbekistan.

"Well, then, try Ukraine."

"I will ask."

When I eventually left the store a customer in front of me let the heavy door swing back in my face, a custom common in Russia—developed doubtless from the necessity of admitting cold air for the shortest possible time. Nor is the habit of knocking other pedestrians out of the way on the pavements and in doorways regarded as bad manners; the Russians, stocky, heavily clothed and physically insensitive, do not appear to notice these collisions and pass on without a word or a glance after the most violent impacts.

During my two years' sojourn the clothes shops began to attract more attention. The bulk of the Russian people still wear the traditional quilted garments, and long felt or leather boots. But there is growing up an official and urban class that wishes to wear European clothes, and more of these began to appear. The Russian public has developed an uncanny instinct for the arrival of new wares. Near my flat was a dress shop outside which a long queue of women often used to assemble several

hours before it opened. The attraction would be articles which would be unacceptable in an English jumble sale. They made one realize what a little part clothes have formed in the life of Soviet women since the revolution.

A visit to the Bolshoi Theatre emphasized this. A handsome, nineteenth-century colonnaded building in Revolution Square, it is the centre of ballet and opera, which have survived all the vicissitudes of the past 40 years. But it is practically impossible to enter it without official "pull." A Russian usually has to rely on the organization in which he serves, and a foreigner on the Tourist Bureau. As a resident, the Bureau would not look at me, and I was told to apply either to the Minister of Culture or to my Embassy. The diplomatic missions received four tickets nightly to distribute to their members—whether there were 50, as in the British Embassy, or two, as in the Lebanese Legation.

One night, however, my wife and I received tickets to see Ulanova in *Romeo & Juliet*, and drove up to the theatre in good time. As we passed through the colonnade, several people approached us with a view to buying our seats. We hurried in/out of the cold, past the powerful female doorkeepers and into the crowded foyer. Conspicuous were the officers in their blue or khaki uniforms, embellished with gold-laced epaulettes and generous rows of medals, but the majority were as drab as they are in the streets. Many of the men wore open-necked shirts and the women shapeless woollen jerseys. But they were definitely of a status above the blouse-clad workman and they behaved with a decorousness worthy of this Imperial heritage.

The auditorium was Victorian in its huge central chandelier and tiers of balconies decorated in red and gold, and was filled to capacity. Looking at my programme I observed that, after all, we had come to see Struchkova in *The Fountain Of Bakhchisarai*, but this was just one of those surprises to which one becomes accustomed in Russia.

On returning to our seats after an interval we noticed that a different couple was sitting in front of us—a result of the trade in tickets, and in shares of tickets, which is customary in Moscow. The couple on our right—obviously members of the Party and of the governing class, to judge by their prosperous appearance—attracted our favourable notice by saying "Excuse me" when treading on our toes as they came to their seats. We began to converse with them in our halting Russian, and endeavoured to satisfy their curiosity about conditions in England.

"Surely the English people do not want war?" was the opening question, followed by the assertion that their condition of near-starvation would disincline them from such a course. Our attempts to reassure them on this point were met with the rejoinder: "Your great Charles Dickens describes the wretched state of the English workers."

"But when you see foreigners in your country are they not as well dressed as you?"

"Yes, but good clothes are issued to those chosen to represent their country abroad."

Conversation of this kind in time grew wearisome, and I preferred contacts with the humbler sections of the population such as one might meet in a *troleibos* or *tramvai*. These vehicles, in which the majority of Muscovites travel, are always crowded to slightly more than capacity. One of my neighbours in a *tramvai*, redolent of the peculiar Russian mixture of cheap scented soap, vodka and body odour, addressed me in German: "Guten tag. I fought in the Fatherland War." His breath told me that he had broken through the inhibitions which surround most Russians in speaking to foreigners.

"For what did you invade our country and kill our people? See the wound I received."

He began to open his quilted coat, and his aura became more pronounced. At this several other passengers murmured something about "uncultured," and a companion began to push him out of the tram.

It is only in a state of drunkenness that the Russian becomes aggressive or indiscreet, and in vodka veritas is truer in Russia than anywhere. The police adopt a



tolerant attitude towards this national failing: I remember seeing a convivial soul sitting on the kerb in a crowded street with a bottle beside him, while a constable was gently advising him to remove his toes from before the wheels of oncoming traffic. On another occasion I encountered a prostrate drunk obstructing the pavement at ten o'clock in the morning. The pedestrians, walking round or over him, took no further notice, but eventually two policemen arrived with a motor-cycle combination and drove him off to a reception centre where he would be able to refresh himself.

The public house does not exist in Russia. There are the shops where vodka and native wines can be bought and carried out to be consumed at home or in the street, and eating-houses where they are brought to the table. Accompanied by a couple of friends from England, I ventured into one of these *traktirs* below the street level, and found myself breathing a well-nigh overpowering atmosphere in which gherkins and cheese could be detected. The place was crowded by men still wearing their fur caps, quilted coats and long boots. Women are hardly ever seen in a *traktir*.

We soon became aware of an unshaven face regarding us malevolently across the table. At length it leaned forward and said in a somewhat husky voice:

"When you are in Russia why don't you speak Russian?"

One of his companions, who looked pretty flushed but otherwise in fair condition, quickly took hold of his arm and remarked:

"They are foreigners; therefore why may not they speak in a foreign language?"

He turned to us.

"Excuse me; from what country?"

"England: *Angliya*."

"England! Glazgov! I have been in my ship."

Someone had already escorted our monoglot acquaintance from our table and we began to observe a thinning-out of the crowd in the neighbourhood. Even our friend from Glazgov withdrew with a hurried "Excuse me."

Regard for foreigners is a strongly marked personal trait in Russia, though paradoxically the governing classes have always been influenced by xenophobia. Police agents often follow one about and unexpectedly obstruct one's movements, but they are generally polite and indulgent. I remember an evening when I went with a party to the grounds of the Agricultural Exhibition and tried to enter the pavilion in which motor vehicles were exhibited. A policeman barred the way.

"Closed," he said.

"Me no speak Russki," I pleaded. "Me Angliski."

The man smiled, and pointed inquiringly to the others.

"*Delegatsiya*," I answered, using the imported word which makes foreigners more palatable to the authorities.

The policeman laughed and unlocked the door.

Night-life hardly exists in the Western sense. Anyone

wishing to entertain at a restaurant may take a private room at the pre-revolutionary Metropole or the new Praga, where at a price a passably served meal can be ordered in advance. I was cured of any other approach by my first attempt to "drop in for a snack."

When I entered the be-mirrored dining-room, rich in chandeliers and plush, I found every table occupied.

"At once, at once," said a waiter encouragingly as he dashed past with a loaded tray and a bottle. I hung about until I found a table for four with one empty chair. Two of my companions were drinking vodka and Caucasian wine together, indiscriminately and cheerfully. The other was a gloomy individual who was extracting solids from a soup-bowl with the aid of a fork, his fingers and a piece of bread. The convivial pair looked at me blankly at first, and said something to each other. Then one of them leaned forward and asked:

"Excuse me; where from?"

"*Angliya*," I answered.

The men grinned.

"*Angliya*?" they repeated. "Welcome!"

They cast about for a glass so that I could join them, and tried to attract waiters on my behalf. By the time one arrived with a (full) menu, I was ready for it.

"Caviare, vodka, *zakuska*, bread and butter, a beef steak very red," I ordered hopefully.

The waiter repeated the items with a pencil.

"Vodka: how many grammes?"

I wished I had taken the metric system more seriously, and gestured with my fingers to represent a pint, for I suspected that I would have to fill my companions' glasses. My intake of caviare was easier to estimate, but I had not yet appreciated that the Russian form of *hors d'oeuvres*, *zakuska*, comprises an infinite variety of cold dishes each big enough for a course.

"Bread, black or white?" my inquisitor went on. "How many grammes? Butter, how many grammes?"

Exhausted by my exertions I turned towards the band, organized on occidental lines with drum and saxophone. More women than men seemed to have studied Western dancing, for there were several pairs of girls circulating together. My friend asked with pride:

"And have you such restaurants in England?"

"Bifshteks," announced the waiter, setting a sort of hamburger in front of me.

"But I asked for a beef steak, very red."

"Yes, it is very red."

After another 40 minutes my waiter returned and was made to understand that I wanted the bill. This was checked at the desk on a bead abacus and came to the equivalent of about three pounds. Reckoned by time this was a cheap meal; it had lasted three hours.

After two winters in this showplace of the Soviet Union, I realized why Napoleon's stay had been so short. Moscow is an acquired taste, but by the time I left I had not acquired it.



THE BRITISH EMBASSY LOOKS  
ACROSS THE MOSKVA RIVER

## BRIGGS by Graham







## The Quorn's strangest master

by OLIVER ANDREW GREY

TO MANY PEOPLE the name of Henry Weysford Plantagenet, fourth and last Marquess of Hastings, means only "Hermit's Derby"—with its losses to him of £150,000 in bets. Or some, perhaps, remember that just before her wedding to Squire Chaplin, Lady Florence Paget stepped from her father's carriage into a draper's shop (it was not, as is often said, Swan & Edgar's) left by an opposite doorway and drove off in a cab to be married by special licence to Lord Hastings.

But the Marquess has another, long-forgotten claim to remembrance. In 1866 when he was 24 he became Master of the Quorn.

The appointment was not as curious as it seems.

His father had been a keen hunting man with special interest in hound breeding. Donnington Park, finest of their several fine properties, was in the hunt's country where they owned Charnwood Forest and much besides. Normally he would have been an obvious choice. *Bailey's Magazine*, presenting him as Sportsman of the Month, spoke favourably of his prospects.

Not everybody held that view. Members who had heard of their new master's being

thrown out of Haymarket supper-houses or seen him releasing sewer-rats among the passably chaste dancers in Mott's ballroom were inclined to shake their heads. Their forebodings were not ill-founded.

Readers of *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour* may recall Sir Harry Scattercash's management of the Nonsuch Hounds. "Sometimes the hounds hunted, and sometimes they did not; sometimes they were advertised, and sometimes they were not; sometimes they were fixed to be at such a place, and went to quite a different one."

Tradition, and presumably a committee, prevented the Quorn from falling as low as that, but it was not Lord Hastings's fault.

"Often," says The Druid, "when his hounds had reached the meet he was hardly out of bed, and he would turn up 'on wheels' and occasionally from London by special train and give Wilson the word to draw when half the field had gone home."

Before long an outraged follower expressed his views in verse. Based on a popular ballad the following lines appeared:

When will the Marquess come?  
Who can tell?  
Half past twelve or half past one?  
Who can tell?

Is he sober, is he drunk?  
Nipping like Mynheer van Dunk  
Will he ride or will he funk?  
Who can tell?

Shall we have to wait again?  
Who can tell?  
In the wind and in the rain?  
Who can tell?  
While the Marquess snug and warm  
In the hall where toadies swarm  
Leaves us in the pelting storm?  
Who can tell?

The poem was unsigned but generally it is attributed to the fourth Earl of Rosslyn. He had a talent for light verse as well as a natural, almost unrealized flair which without his earning—or, to be accurate, without his receiving—a rebuke enabled him to entertain—indeed to *amuse*—Queen Victoria with stories of a kind that would have diverted her Hanoverian uncles. When his *Sonnets and Poems* was published in 1890 she allowed him to dedicate it to her in a Petrarchan sonnet: To Victoria, Regina et Imperatrix.

Good-natured as always, Lord Hastings had the ballad printed and circulated with other lampoons among his friends. He could appreciate a joke; even one that was not practical. Indeed he was not as brainless as he sounds. He was, where odds and weights were concerned, quick at mental arithmetic. It was recklessness that led sometimes to his book's being in so frightful a mess.

His capacity is illustrated by a favourite story. Its teller has assumed that the Marquess had been betting in ready money and it is of a bookie paying out £1,000-notes to him one after another while groaning: "God's been good to you, my lord. You looks a fool and you ain't one."

Nor was he unable to appreciate a good hunt, or at least its gallop. He could go well in one, if in the right mood. "A bit of a gallop, a check, and then trotting off to sift a favourite gorse for a fresh fox" was his system. By the end of his second season the hunt had had as much as, and more than it could stand. Mr. Chaworth Musters succeeded him as Master. His hunting stable was closed. He withdrew to London.

There his house was in Grosvenor Square. His usual lounge was Limmer's Hotel. In its coffee room, surrounded by a shoal of quite appalling racing sharks, he would restore himself with small bites of "fixed bayonets" (a ferociously seasoned savoury) and big draughts of "cup." Now it would be called cocktail. We can be sure it was much stronger than the pleasant summer drink named after the hotel's head waiter. To judge by its ingredients the date of that's creation was after the old character's death but it does commemorate him along with the jingle:

My name is John Collins, head waiter at  
Limmer's  
Corner of Conduit Street, Hanover Square.  
My chief occupation is filling the brimmers  
For young gents of property laden with  
care.

In the summer of 1868 Lord Hastings went to Norway in his yacht. There he had a stroke. In October he was at Newmarket but in a basket carriage. He died at 39 Grosvenor Square on the 10 November. As the Druid wrote in his obituary: "All the wheels were down."

## THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

get an unexpected contemporary twist



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# ROEDEAN:

*England's most famous  
school for girls*

THE TATLER & Bystander  
26 November 1958 515

Many know the large, gaunt building as  
only a landmark on the cliffs  
outside Brighton. These pictures and  
commentary by **GEORGE BILAINKIN** portray  
the busy life inside the school

**M**ISCONCEPTIONS about Roedean suggest that only the titled, the rich, and the stars of stage and screen can afford to send their girls there. In fact, the majority of Roedean's 380 pupils are children of the professional classes—doctors, scientists, barristers, diplomatists and journalists. The fees, about £400 a year, are higher than those at many boys' public schools, but Roedean is without endowment and depends on the fees for its existence. Entry applications for 1970 are already filed away.

The Headmistress is Miss Norah Horobin (sister of Sir Ian Horobin, a member of the Government). She has a distinguished record and has held her present post 12 years. She told me: "We have to turn out trained women who can help their country, and who will run their homes happily, schooled in religious principles." Religion, indeed, plays a prominent part in the school life, and a Bible is among the 138-odd items of required equipment and clothing. Outside Miss Horobin's study I looked at a board that is passed daily by girls and staff. It gave the hymns and lessons for the services in chapel throughout the term, and also the dates of Miss Horobin's sermons. She preaches by special authority of the late Bishop of Chichester, Dr. Bell, and she took the morning service I attended at nine. Once a week there is a family service for all denominations at which hymns are specially chosen so that they cannot offend Catholic girls, Jewish girls, Moslems or Buddhists.

Roedean is no place for pampering. Pocket money is limited to 30s a term, and parents are asked to keep presents of fruit, sweets or jam

[Continued on page 517]

THREE PICTURES that, to many, will bring back the flavour of their own school life: the cloister, the Head's drawing-room, and the playing field. Under the flagstones of Roedean's cloister (above) lie the ashes of Penelope Lawrence, one of the three founders. With the Headmistress (below) is the Head Girl, Margaret Worthington. Keeping goal (bottom) at lacrosse is Ann Scott, 17







LATIN with Miss G. M. S. Ratcliffe. The girls (standing) are Caroline Elston, an open scholar, and Angela Durand (at the blackboard)



AN ENGLAND PLAYER at lacrosse (she keeps goal), Miss Barbara Isherwood is one of the maths teachers



THE CHOIR of 40 practises once a week. The organ has just been reconstructed through the generosity of an Old Roodean. Left: The Reference Library, where girls in the Upper Fourth and the Sixth forms may



PHYSICS in the laboratory with Mrs. A. B. Boxtell. The girl is Sally Wells, 17, one of three sisters. She hopes for a physics degree



ROEDEAN:

## Living and learning



EMBROIDERY in the Junior School, with Miss Hill. The two girls are both nine years of age. There are 72 pupils in the Junior School



MEALTIME in Number Two House. Each house has its own kitchen but a dietician is in general charge. Girls take turns to act as waitresses. Below: Tea break in the Junior House is taken outside when fine



GEOLOGY for Sixth-formers with Miss Mary Denham. She is an Old Roodean and is the head of the geography department







Bilainkin

THE MUSIC STAFF numbers 14. Here individual tuition Miss E. J. Cumberland is given to Sharara Abdulmejid, daughter of an Iraqi diplomat in London and head of her House

BIOLOGY and botany are taught by Mrs. Marsh who owns these budgerigars, kept in the conservatory. Playing with a hamster is Celia A. 15, whose mother was at Roedean

COMMENTARY continued from page 515

down to a "reasonable" quantity. The school emphasizes: "Plenty of fruit and jam is provided"—and so it is. Jewellery (apart from a watch) is not allowed, and nor are coloured hair slides—ribbons must be black, dark blue or brown. The prescribed list includes 18 handkerchiefs, eight pairs of tennis socks, and eight pairs of shoes, but colour and style of clothes are strictly regulated and there is no relaxation of the rules even for the (rationed) visits to Brighton or the annual dance at Lancing College, the nearby public school for boys.

Scholastically Roedean has a proud record. Dr. P. Jane Brown, a promising young Newnham physicist, is a Roedeanian (and daughter and granddaughter of Roedeanians). Josephine Chatterton, another Roedeanian, has been collecting distinctions in law, including exhibitions, firsts and prizes. Rosemary Blake (mother and grandmother at Roedean) has a "bag" ranging from minor and State scholarships to language distinctions four years running at Girton.

The sea air was blowing through the window when I left the sunny study of the Headmistress, with its bowls of chrysanthemums. Alert and business-like, Miss Horobin was preparing to receive the parents of a would-be pupil. For lunch she was due at Number Two house; afterwards, more visitors to see, and matters to discuss with the Second Mistress and with her secretary. Outside in the corridors, bright-eyed girls passed by. They looked a happy generation. I formed the

impression that they leave Roedean with some understanding of the intentions of musicians, artists, architects, scientists, as well as of the world conveyed through *The Times*, *The Observer*, *The Sunday Times* and occasionally the *News Chronicle*.

I saw classes at dressmaking, pottery, and printing, besides the usual academic subjects. I watched games, but learnt that no undue emphasis is placed on these. Though the school plays lacrosse, four times a week, Sixth-formers may play netball instead, and may also learn fencing with Professor A. Parkins and his son. In the summer the girls play tennis and swim. Everywhere I was impressed by an air of dignified convention and a total absence of affectation.

Is there a Roedean "stamp"? Does a stay of a few years in this school that the three Lawrence sisters began in 1885 produce a recognizable type? During my visit I pointed to a girl and commented on her easy and communicable charm. My escort promptly replied: "Mother and grandmother were at Roedean." In a classroom of fifth-formers I remarked: "This mistress seems to live for her work, and the teaching is made to appear effortless." My escort answered: "She is an Old Roedeanian."







June Oliver

SO NATURAL that it is hard to tell from the real thing, this wig is by Simon of Knightsbridge

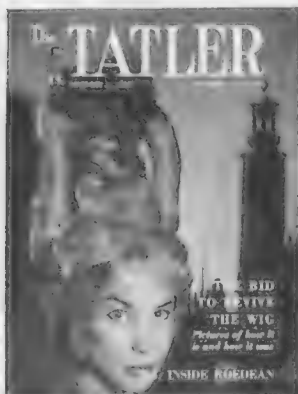
THE PAPER MASK gives the game away in this picture of a wig by André et Bernard

PERRUQUE is the word preferred for wigs at Olofson's. This one (below) is "Finale"



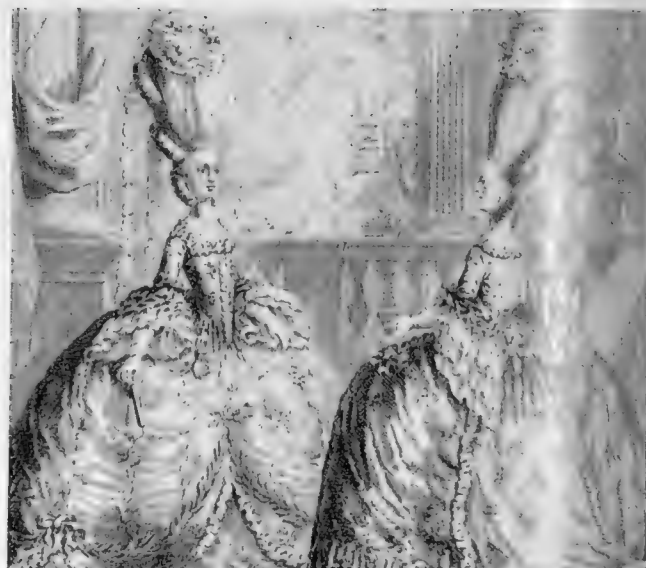
Ida Kar

A FANTASY by Mark of Olofson in ostrich feathers and sprayed nylon



Le Goubin/Black Star

THE HEIGHT of 18th-century hairdressing fashion: the Marchioness of Granby and Lady Bulkley



## THE WIG FASHION:

*Don't be too sure that it won't come to this!*

by DOONE BEAL



THE AUTHOR (left) has no wig herself, says she already gets her hair done four times a week



QUITE MY FAVOURITE "overheard" last week was between a well-thatched lady and her hairdresser. She was exclaiming in horror at the idea of wearing a wig. He told her, succinctly: "But not everyone has quite your confidence, Madam . . . !"

Indeed there are many women to whom the idea of wigs does not seem at all ridiculous. As for the hairdressers, several of the leading stylists are determined about it. So the bid to revive the wig must be taken seriously, though it is too soon to say whether the fashion will catch on. Let us hope that if wigs do, so to speak, take root, they will never return to the full fantasia they once achieved.

Starting as a wadded, cap-like affair with the natural hair drawn out from underneath and dressed over and above it, the wig evolved—at its peak of popularity in the 1770s—into an edifice often a foot high. It was piled on top of horse-hair cushions, wire frames and puffs of tulle to which were





FEATHERS by French of London, suggested for wear at Christmas or New Year parties

RETURN from the Continent, c. 1700: "Be not amazed, dear Mother: it is indeed your daughter Anne!"



added flowers and fruit, jewels and ribbons. For grand occasions, glass models of ships, coaches and windmills surmounted this pyramid of artifice and a further refinement was a glass bottle of water (shaped to fit the head) for preserving fresh flowers.

The wigs were powdered over pomade (or, sometimes, a crude form of butter), the grey and light brown powders and the metallic frostings being blown on to the hair through a pair of bellows. (Powder was used on the hair long before anyone realized what it could do for the face.) The wigs were retouched daily—this operation often taking well over an hour—and then anointed, as must indeed have been necessary, with strong essences of jasmin and verberna.

A writer of the time advised "opening up the head" once a week, and some relief was afforded with a scratcher made of gold, ivory or silver. For the first time, hair became the province of the professional hairdresser, who visited wealthy houses.

## If you think of going in for one yourself...

You'll be in good company because pace-setting women who are wearing wigs include Lady Brooke, Mrs. Mavroleon, wife of the shipping magnate, and actors' wives Mr. Jack Hawkins and Mrs. Kenneth More.

You'll need to spend up to 75 guineas, but the scale does descend into the forties. You'll want to know that the wig can be worn at least three times without needing a reset (one guinea)—depending entirely on how well you, the wearer, take care of it—and that cleaning (done with spirit) should be necessary only once in three months. Hairdresser René emphasizes that a wig can always be restyled.

You can experiment by first hiring a wig (Simon of Basil Street operate such a service), for three guineas a day. And a "fall" of hair, capable of infinite variations in conjunction with your existing hair-do, can also be hired (a guinea and a half).

You can go for advice, on either wigs or hair pieces, to the theatrical company Wig Creations Ltd., of George St., W.1. They make and maintain wigs to order.

Hair was dressed at periods varying from three to nine weeks, and even at this rate women of fashion contrived to spend as much as £200 a year on their coiffure—which was money in those days. With her hair dressed for a ball, a woman would be compelled to sleep sitting up, with her neck supported on a Chinese "pillow," usually made all too simply of wood.

Not that wigs originated in the Georgian era with which they are generally associated: the Egyptians had got around to them some 2,500 years before. In the highly sophisticated period following 1150 B.C., wigs were worn by both men and women, often in brilliant colours of red, green and blue as well as the traditional black. They were made from sheeps' wool, human hair or dyed palm leaf fibre. Roman ladies, too, were addicted to false hair, as also were the Greeks. Wigs, in fact, were in fashion periodically through the centuries.

Typically, it was the French who first turned them into a true mode. Paradoxically it was a man—and an abbot at that. Louis XIII followed the example of the Abbé La Rivière and wore a long wig to hide his waning hair. Thus was the fashion set at the French court.

In England, the wearing of wigs did not become general until the Restoration in 1660, and then they were indeed—as can be seen from any contemporary portrait of Charles II or Samuel Pepys—big enough to load a camel. Women did not adopt wigs until almost a century later, but they by no means left their hair to nature. During the first half of the 17th century it was dressed high over a wire frame, and often dyed (saffron yellow was a favourite colour). It was set with a mixture of starch and pomade, perfumed with iris for blondes and violet for brunettes. In France, the beautiful Madame Ninon de Lenclos, the Marquise de Montespan, and in England the royal favourite Nell Gwyn all wore a variety of false hair pieces.

Every curl and every piece of fabric in the head-dress had a name, and a dictionary of terms was published for the benefit, presumably, of the ladies' maids and the hairdressers who were beginning to see some profit in the new vanity. Long, single curls were called heartbreakers; loose curls at the temples, favourites; kiss curls were the tiny ringlets at the back of the neck (about which Pope wrote his satire on the contemporary scandal, *The Rape Of The Lock*). "Confidants" were, appropriately, the curls close to the ears.

At this time, women did wear a masculine type of powdered wig for riding, but unmounted, so to speak, their hair remained a compromise between art and nature.

It was Marie Antoinette who finally closed the grand era of hairdressing fantasia. She originated the fashion, later adopted at the English court, of wearing ostrich feathers in her hair. They must have been far more becoming than many a head-dress of the period, but Louis XVI commented, tellingly, that the fashion, though pretty, was "too fragile to support a crown." Rousseau was writing in Paris of the scandal of using flour for powdering the hair while the poor were short of bread, and in England Pitt imposed a heavy tax on powder in 1785. The rumblings of the Revolution in France and the high prices and poor wheat harvest in England combined to put a stop to powdering. With that, the wig dwindled quickly out of fashion—but not before many a rouged face and powdered head had been impaled for the intimate inspection of the mob outside the Bastille.

In France during the Directoire period following the Reign of Terror women returned briefly to wigs, but never to their former grandeur. However, the fashion for wearing chignons and false pieces waxed and waned both in England and France (where it was given a renewed fillip by the Empress Eugénie) right on through the Victorian and Edwardian eras. Then in 1920 the American dancer Irene Castle first dazzled society and jolted it into a new fashion by cropping her plain brown hair to her ears.

Of the terrific impact Mrs. Castle created, Cecil Beaton says: "When we take up the new, it is only because we have had a secret need of it and have unconsciously prepared for its coming." So do we attribute the wig renaissance to part of a "deep, romantic craving?"

Hairdresser René, whose clients are paying up to 60 guineas for an alternative head of hair, takes the prosaic view that it is merely part of our desire for a dual personality. Wigs, he thinks, far from being for pampered beauties with time on their hands, are for the busy woman who wants to look like a pampered beauty in the evening.

Another attraction, I think, is that it is now possible for a bubble-cut blonde to make the costly but interesting experiment of finding out how it feels to be a Garbo-bobbed brunette. She retains a unique line of retreat: back to base and bubbles, at the mere flip of a wig.



Capt. Brown (Raymond Newell)  
as Chrysanthemum's bluff  
father, who suspects the worst  
when his daughter spends  
three years going for the milk



## THEATRE

# This is Miss Kirkwood's evening

by ANTHONY COOKMAN



THAT you will see Miss Pat Kirkwood interrupt a dance to drain a pint mug of beer without drawing breath is a sufficient reason for going to the Prince of Wales Theatre. There are other reasons. *Chrysanthemum* coming after the lamentable *Mr. Venus* is something of a surprise, a musical comedy which has got hold of an amusing idea and exploits it with an exhilarating sense of fun.

The idea is to parody Victorian melodrama in terms of musical comedy using the style and setting of 1913. Mr. Neville Phillips and Mr. Robin Chancellor do not make heavy weather of it. Their book and lyrics and a score by Mr. Robb Stewart run loosely, gathering as they run a style and a wit all their own. The evening is always a little more amusing than it has promised to be. In the hush preceding the European explosion of 1914, we are asked to believe, nicely brought up girls lived in constant dread of being abducted in the park. If not rescued in time they found themselves white slaves in Buenos Aires. In the unlikely event of their managing to get back home their sisters would blush and their heart-broken parents order them sternly to quit the house.

It is three years since poor little Chrysanthemum went out to get the milk and did not return. She has remained Captain Brown's favourite daughter, but what can he do when she reappears flaunting finery that turns her sisters' heads but casts her away more in sorrow than in anger. He is not to know (for she is too proud to tell him) that her talent for dancing the tango has preserved her from a fate worse than death. Still she is pretty well versed in the ways of the underworld and hearing that the sinister old lady in the wheeled chair has been at it again she makes a heroic sally into Chinatown, restores the frightened damsel to her anxious brother, a Park Lane "swell," wins the swell's heart and has her stylish marriage ruined at the church door by the intervention of wicked Uncle Fred.

WINNING TEAM. Miss Pat Kirkwood as Chrysanthemum, the East End girl who returns from Buenos Aires without a stain on her character; and Mr. Hubert Gregg as her aristocratic admirer, who does not shrink from trying conclusions with the toughs of Chinatown.

Zeal for damsels in distress sends her on another excursion into Chinatown. She is soon trapped, bound, gagged and on the point of being burned alive. But her heart has chosen well among the aristocracy. Although her conventional father bows himself down in disconsolate shame the Honourable John Blessington-Briggs puts on a deer stalker hat and plunges fearlessly into the opium dens of the East End to find his true love. Though almost euchred by the well meant efforts at rescue of a comic fire brigade, the lovers escape the flames to a life of everlasting respectability.

There is no need to pretend that the parody of the melodrama has been put together with the imaginative energy of *The Boy Friend's* parody of its period. But it is quite unpretentious and glances happily over a period not yet opened up by the musical stage, the age of ragtime, of the Turkey Trot, the Suffragettes, the harem skirt and, of course, the White Slavery scares. It finds its heroine in a Miss Kirkwood who has come on immensely in the Beatrice Lillie line of satire. She certifies the perfect innocence of Chrysanthemum with a wickedly twinkling eye. She sets about her adventures with the zest of a pantomime Principal Boy. She brings an exuberant freshness to her love-making while making it abundantly clear that love for her is a delightful game. Mr. Hubert Gregg, a straight actor who has played Hamlet in his time, is her ideal partner. Between singing some neat, rhyming patter songs he most agreeably sustains a dead pan mockery of the Park Lane swell who can talk through the glossiest of tall hats, knows no taint of snobbery or disloyalty to the woman he has asked to be his wife, and is pretty useful with his fists when thrown among Limehouse toughs. Meanwhile the heroine's brother and the hero's sister (Mr. Roger Gage and Miss Patricia Moore) sing their way into position to make up the numbers of the double society wedding. The songs seem rather wittier than the tunes. This may be because time has tamed the once excitingly wild rhythms of ragtime, but "Love Is A Game" and the duet in two-four time, "Is this 'Love?'", are altogether pleasing. The dancing, except where Miss Kirkwood is the dancer, is mostly cheerful and appropriate capering, and the ballet in Limehouse is perhaps the only obvious mistake in a generally fortunate evening.



THREE IN A BOAT. Anne Heywood joins Howard Keel and Cyril Cusack in search of safety, in *Floods of Fear*, reviewed this week



## CINEMA

## Heywood in high water

by ELSPETH GRANT

EVER SINCE Miss Marilyn Monroe first demonstrated how fetching a girl can look, with her mouth ajar—and I cannot recall a single photograph of Miss M. in which she was shut—young actresses who have not yet acquired a poise, pose or gimmick of their own have tended to ape her technique or, which is even more disastrous, to improve upon it.

Miss Anne Heywood, in *Floods Of Fear*, is the latest to succumb to the temptation. As we saw in *Violent Playground*, Miss Heywood, an extremely pretty girl, is capable of giving a perfectly natural performance, but in the current film she is guilty of so many mouth mannerisms that she might well be starring in a lipstick advertisement and seeking to focus attention on the feature made alluring (?) by the application of "Non-Smeer," "Safe-Kysse" or "Ever-Redde."

Sometimes drawn back as if to let the dentist make a quick examination, sometimes half open with the lower one tremulously out-thrust, Miss Heywood's lips are rarely in repose—though few of their movements give the impression of arising from some strong emotions (they appear calculated and strictly external rather than spontaneous and uncontrollable.) In her previous film, all Miss Heywood's facial expressions were such as she might use every day. Admitting that it is not every day that one finds oneself cooped up in a disintegrating house with a convicted murderer, I maintain that her present performance would have been more effective if it had been similarly restrained.

Though it is directed by Mr. Charles Crichton, long and happily associated with Ealing Studios, this picture has a distinctly American flavour. Its setting is, in fact, in the States—down South, I gathered. The Humbolt River is rising. Men—among them a gang of convicts from the neighbouring jail—are working frantically to strengthen the dyke that should hold it in check. The river breaks through, the men are swept

away and a great torrent of water rushes down to flood the valley. From it emerges the muscular form of Mr. Howard Keel—to rescue two men, Messrs. Cyril Cusack and Harry H. Corbett, and Miss Heywood from drowning and deposit them in comparative safety on the upper floor of her half-submerged house.

While suitably grateful to Mr. Keel, Miss Heywood is horrified to learn that he is doing a life-sentence for the murder of his girl-friend—that Mr. Cusack, myopic and malevolent, has been convicted of armed robbery, and that Mr. Corbett is a prison warder, pledged to return the two criminals to captivity. It seems horribly likely that Mr. Corbett will be bumped off and Miss Heywood be exposed to a fate worse than death—and that the convicts will escape, Mr. Cusack to continue his life of crime, and Mr. Keel to carry out his declared intention of returning to his home town to kill a man named Murphy, who swindled him out of his business and framed him on a murder charge.

It does not work out quite like that. Miss Heywood tells the warder of Mr. Keel's plans, convinced that they indicate he was wrongly convicted. Mr. Corbett promptly slips away on a raft constructed by Mr. Keel, and leaves Miss Heywood to the convicts' mercy—his sole concern being to have an armed posse waiting for Mr. Keel at Murphy's place. As the flood-water rises, the house begins to fall apart—and it is again Mr. Keel who saves Miss Heywood.

Miss Heywood's gratitude to Mr. Keel develops (rather rapidly, considering the acute discomfort to which she is subjected) into love—and the rest of the film is con-

cerned with her desperate efforts to persuade him to abandon his planned revenge, and, these having failed, her resolute attempt to beat him to his objective, extricate him from the prepared ambush and clear his name. In this last she succeeds, but only after Mr. Keel has fought a long and hideously brutal fight with Murphy (Mr. John Crawford) and Mr. Corbett, by exerting a little unethical pressure on Mr. Cusack (twisting his broken leg, in fact) has wrung a helpful statement from the odious, cringing little man.

The flood scenes have been most effectively handled and the desolation of it all chills one to the bone. I never did think those little, supposedly comic drawings of people drifting down-river on a roof-top were at all funny—and this film, which incorporates newsreel material of actual floods, convinces me that they are not only unfeeling but in very poor taste. This should prove the intensity of my "audience participation," for I have never yet been a flood victim though it seemed to me for a short while that I had.

Mr. G. Grafton Green's contribution to cinema history is the first film in colour ever to have been made of the crowning of a Pope. Naturally, as *The Coronation Of Pope John XXIII* (produced by the Rank Organization's Special Features Division) runs for no more than twenty minutes, it has been impossible to cover the whole of the long ceremony—but all the splendour, pomp and solemnity of the great occasion have been magnificently caught. As I am not a Roman Catholic myself, I could have wished for a slightly more informative commentary. I did not know who or what the "penitentiaries" (seen humbly kissing the Pope's foot) were. I have since been told that they are not, as I guessed, priests from prisons—but are concerned within the Vatican with the confessional and matters of penance. I have still not discovered the reason for the tall, armed and helmeted figure—a very Mars, one would have said—who strides with military mien up and down the nave of St. Peter's, slightly ahead of the Pontiff. Even so, I am glad I saw this impressive film.

Something to look forward to: Mrs. Mary Norton, author of that entrancing book *The Borrowers*, is collaborating with Mr. Peter Proud, well-known art director, on a film version of it. Hurrah!

### THIS WEEK'S FILMS

**FLOODS OF FEAR**—Howard Keel, Anne Heywood, Cyril Cusack, Harry H. Corbett, John Crawford. Directed by Charles Crichton. Music by Alan Rawsthorne.

**THE CORONATION OF POPE JOHN XXIII**. Documentary. Executive Producer, G. Grafton Green.





Mark Gerson

## Pamela Frankau writes again

Ask Me No More (*Heinemann, 16s.*)

is the latest novel by Pamela

Frankau, author of *A Wreath For*

*The Enemy, and The Bridge. The*

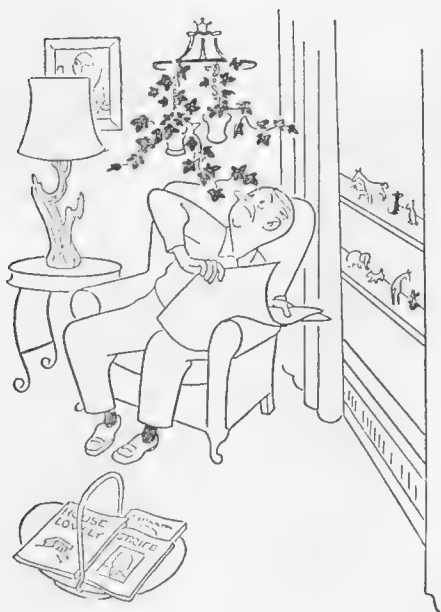
*photograph was taken in her garden*

*at Christchurch Hill, Hampstead*

### BOOKS I AM READING

## Ace of gossips at Versailles

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES



IN AN AGE passionately devoted to gossip, nothing shows up the poverty of the threadbare stuff that is our daily ration in the press so much as the superlative gossip of the past. The most exciting, exhilarating, absorbing book of my week is **Saint-Simon At Versailles** (Hamish Hamilton, 30s.), a selection made and translated by Lucy Norton from the colossal memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon, who lived in and wrote down what the translator calls "the extraordinary, terrifying world of Louis XIV at Versailles and Marly."

Saint-Simon was an intoxicating gossip, but more than that, too. He was a brilliant writer, a knife-sharp observer, a man with a mania for people (especially aristocrats) and the things they did and said. He also had some of the best material in the world to work on. Historians and historical novelists would have been lost without him. For many months no book has given me greater delight, nor afforded a more delectable

*To show your neighbours you are one of them, you should grow icy on your walls, claims Joseph H. Peck, M.D., in All About Men (Elliott, Right Way Books, 7s. 6d.)*

escape from London, 1958. It should on no account be missed.

I have also enormously enjoyed a remarkable book called **J. B. Priestley** (Rupert Hart-Davies, 25s.) by a young writer, David Hughes. The book is original in design, well written, sympathetic and profoundly perceptive. It is partly a personal account of the growing impact of Priestley's writing on the author—a welcome change from the ferociously objective type of critical analysis—and part of the book's fascination is the gradual building up of a double portrait: Priestley the established, and the engaging, modest and clear-eyed Mr. Hughes, who sees and writes like a poet and makes one impatient for more books.

**The Phantom Limb** (Gollancz, 15s.) besides being one of the most deeply depressing and unhappy novels I have ever read, is also hypnotically well written. It is a second novel by Hamilton Johnston, who is apparently himself a doctor, and is a melancholy and fearful tale about a middle-aged doctor, not good, not bad, who lives on the memory of a long-past love affair and is now incapable of making anything but a well-meaning mess out of personal relationships. All Dr. Johnston's characters, even the nuttiest, are distressingly real, and, if you can stand the bickering, the pain, the muddle and the fog-coloured climate, this novel is rewarding. People who prefer their fiction to resemble the sensation of eating soft-centred chocolates in a warm bath to the music of Vera Lynn should keep far away.

Another second novel, vastly different, which I recommend is **The Oxygen Age**



(Eyre and Spottiswoode, 13s. 6d.) by Hugh Thomas, author of *The World's Game*. *The Oxygen Age* is a brittle, acid-tongued little frolic, told in the worldliest of voices, about corruption and fraud in high places, part cheerful fantasy, part deeply disabused comment on the slice of London life commonly (sometimes very commonly) described in the in-the-know oblique paragraphs of the daily Diaries. It is a tiny deadly joke, merry and ominous as a third vodka, and just as painlessly and quickly swallowed at a gulp.

I've also been reading . . . **Discovering The Heavens**, by I. O. Evans (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), a deliciously soothing book about the history of astronomy which actually makes the whole thing crystal-clear, and is essential practical background material if you want to have even the vaguest idea of what Our Moon Correspondent will soon be talking about. . . . **Contend No More**, by Michael Tree (Cape, 15s.), an agreeable, intelligent novel about an agreeable, intelligent man and his broken marriage. . . . **The Man Who Came Back** by John Bryan (Faber, 15s.), a gorgeous political thriller, placed slightly pre-Suez, about a renegade Red politician who skips to Russia and dangerously returns, splendidly decorated with foreign assassins, a gallant aristocratic period-piece Bohemian with beautiful dirty hands, called Gilda Manory, and that cultured tough from Canada, Colonel Richard Sarel of Intelligence, who drinks gallons of whisky, drives an Aston Martin with the DB35 racing engine specially put in ("The acceleration was something to dream about"), and seems to me to reveal remote kinship with the great Bond himself. . . . Freya Stark's **Alexander's Path** (John Murray, 30s.), a ravishing book in lapidary prose about a Turkish journey in search of Alexander the Great, written with smooth cunning as compulsive as a dream. I suspect the current fashion is turning towards more knockabout, less literary (sometimes less literate) travellers who write feet-on-the-mantelpiece prose, but Miss Stark is strong magic still for me. . . . **Blood on The Straw** (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.), by the famous Berthe Grimault, the child writer from the farm, whose literary collaborator has now appeared on the scene—"as told to Eliézer Fournier," the enigmatic village postman reticently described on the jacket as "remarkable." The jacket also states that the 18-year-old author "remains a sweet and simple girl whose personality is totally devoid of vice," presumably to calm you after reading this remarkably uncheering little tale of a deranged peasant girl whose new-born child is disposed of in the pig-trough. . . . **Flowers For Mrs. Harris**, by Paul Gallico (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.), a tears-and-laughter teeny-tiny story about a comic Cockney char who exclaims "Lor' love yer," goes to Paris to buy a Dior dress, and is going to provide thousands of women with a really good cry, the lucky girls. . . . And **Napoleon And Mlle. George**, by Edith Saunders (Longmans, 21s.), an enchanting book, even if you are not the mad Napoleon fan I am, about the actress who was Napoleon's mistress and afterwards passed from one powerful protector to another, acting with such players as the great Lemaitre himself in the meantime.



**Miss Sally Whitelaw to Mr. James Malet Barber:** She is the daughter of Major & Mrs. G. S. L. Whitelaw, Knockando House, Knockando, Moray. He is the son of Lt.-General Sir Colin Barber, & of the late Mrs. Barber, of Quarry Moor Lodge, Ripon, Yorkshire



**Miss Mary Scott to Mr. James Fairbairn:** She is the only daughter of Dr. & Mrs. W. Russell Scott, Weymouth, Dorset. He is the eldest son of Sir William Fairbairn, Bt., & Lady Fairbairn, Loom House, Radlett, Hertfordshire

**Miss Mary Honor Wallis to Mr. Michael Holmes Boden:** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. P. Wallis, Lapwing, Bay Crescent, Swanage. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Boden, Bucklow House, Knutsford, Cheshire



**Miss Sarah Gillian Smith to Captain Antony G. Chater, 12th Royal Lancers:** She is the eldest daughter of Dr. & Mrs. M. C. L. Smith, Headley Grange, Headley, Bordon. He is the son of the late Lt.-Commander & Mrs. J. D. Chater, Nanyuki, Kenya



**Miss Rosemary Settle to Mr. Michael John Hewens:** She is the only daughter of Mr. C. A. Settle, Thurloe Close, S.W.7, & of the late Mrs. Pamela Settle. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. J. E. Hewens, of Bargefield House, Taplow, Buckinghamshire

**Miss Frances Jane Templer to Mr. Morgan D. G. O'Donovan:** She is the only daughter of Field Marshal Sir Gerald & Lady Templer, Wilton Street, London, S.W.1. He is the only son of Brigadier The O'Donovan, & Madame O'Donovan, Hollybrook House, Skibbereen, Co. Cork, Eire









# Give her lingerie this year

Why not flatter her femininity this Christmas with a luxury gift? Six pages of lingerie fashions photographed by Michel Molinare and sketched by Elizabeth Thomas will help you choose. On the opposite page in a happy interpretation of the Empire line is an opaque nylon nightdress (left) by Charnos with a broad waistline of lace mounted on pink nylon satin ribbon. The overskirt in a finer denier forms two lace-trimmed floating panels. At Robinson & Cleaver, Regent St., and Schofields, Leeds, price : about 7 gns. Yards of lace-trimmed white nylon make both the nightdress (shown in detail on page 526) and negligée (right). At Woollands, Knightsbridge, negligée, 9 gns. : nightdress 6 gns.



*Above:* A tailored white cami-knieker in nylon crêpe, lace-trimmed at bust and hem, with a fluted permanently pleated long waistline. From Debenhams & Freebody, price : 3 gns. The 30-denier pink nylon slip with fluted bust and hemline comes from Fenwicks and has matching pantees. Prices : slip, 39s. 6d. ; pantees, 1 gn. *Right:* For wear under straight skirts, a black slip in 30-denier nylon trimmed with black nylon lace. Price : 3 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove who also have the sophisticated black nylon nightgown mounted on an underslip of opaque pink nylon. Bustline is trimmed with pink ribbons. Price : 8½ gns.





GIVING LINGERIE *continued*

## Choose the pastel shades and you'll be right

The nightdress, which is also shown on page 524 with its matching negligée, is made of two layers of white nylon trimmed with lace. Also obtainable in other pastel shades at Woollands, Knightsbridge, the price is 6 gns. Pastels predominate in the season's lingerie ranges

Soft as thistledown this cosy pink Pyrénées wool dressing gown is edged and cuffed with knitted ribbing and worn over a lace-trimmed cyclamen pink nylon nightgown. Obtainable at Fortnum & Mason, the dressing gown costs £15 4s. 6d. and the nightdress £17 6s. 6d.







A silver and pink brocade housecoat cut on Oriental lines with a mandarin collar and reaching to mid-calf length. At Fortnum & Mason, price £26 15s. 6d. The pink wool lace bed-jacket (*right*) is lined with silk chiffon and trimmed with swansdown. At Woollands, Knightsbridge, price £6 10s. It is worn with a nylon slip which has a deep border of lace and is obtainable also in a range of black, white and heliotrope from Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly. Price with its matching knickers is £14 3s. 6d.



The pink nylon knickers with inserts of white lace which match the slip shown (*right*) are also made in the three other shades and sold only as a set at Fortnum & Mason. Price: £14 3s. 6d.



Designed with an almost Victorian frilliness, a negligée in sheer white nylon flecked with blue dots and lined with a heavy opaque white nylon. Blue velvet ribbon is slotted through the yoke. Price: 12 gns. for the negligée. The matching nightdress is made of two layers of white nylon. Price: £6 12s. 6d. at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge



GIVING  
LINGERIE *continued*

NOCTURNE



*Extreme left:* Celestial blue nylon with a tiny white dot, lined with white nylon and trimmed prodigiously with white lace, makes a charming negligée. The matching nightdress has a tiny Empire bodice. Both at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Prices : negligée 12 gns., nightgown 8 gns.

*Centre:* An enchanting shortie for the teenager in 'opaque pink' nylon. The high square neckline is trimmed with toning lace. At Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street. Price : £5 15s. 6d.

*Left:* A dressing-gown that is as pretty as it is warm. Made of pink wool lace and lined throughout with matching silk chiffon, it is a light and easy traveller. Also at Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street. Price : 11 gns.

*Below:* Another shortie for the girl who in the holidays likes to break away from regulation school pyjamas. It is in sheer white nylon over pink crêpe nylon strewn with rosebuds, and the neckline is trimmed with lace and slotted pink ribbon. At Fenwick's, New Bond Street. Price : 78s. 6d.

—a symphony for sleep



## IT COULD BE FOR YOU . . .

Nothing spoils an evening out more effectually than starting to feel the cold. Dorville meet the need for winter warmth plus high fashion with the "theatre" coat and wool dress shown here. Rich red-gold brocade makes the coat which gains an added air of luxury from an enormous cape collar. There is a Thermex quilted lining which is warm, moth-proof and light as air. Price : about £24 6s. 10d. from Robell, 48 Baker Street, and Samuels, Manchester. The evening bag and shoes in new dulled gold kid are from Fanchon, New Bond Street, and cost 6½ gns. and 9½ gns. respectively; the pearl ear-rings are 3½ gns. from Paris House. The companion black wool sheath dress has a high drawstring-tied waistline and three-quarter length sleeves. Also from Robell, Baker Street, and Samuels, Manchester, price : about £15 10s. The delicate necklace is made of looped gold-plated filigree and drop pearls, price 6 gns., and the heavy bracelet is in large pearl flowers, price 5 gns.—both from Paris House

Photographs by  
Peter Alexander



# On a night at the theatre



## SHOPPING

For the games  
season

by JEAN STEELE



Tasteful playing cards designed by Jean Picart Le Doux for Thomas De La Rue & Co. *Top:* Hide card-container with poker dice in top part (£3 2s. 6d.). *Bottom:* Twin packs in black and white box (25s.). Lillywhites



Bridge and canasta sets (*left*) consisting of cards, rules and a score tablet in a plastic case (12s. 6d.). By Thomas De La Rue & Co. From W. H. Smith & Sons, and other stationers. In *Automatic Bingo* (*above*) numbers are thrown out singly by the mixing drum (30s.). Harrods



The B.B.C. television series, *Zoo Quest*, has inspired an exciting family game (19s. 11d.). Harrods



*Buccaneer* is a new treasure-hunt game in which the whole family can join. Each player navigates his craft in search of such treasure as diamonds and pearls (25s.). Lillywhites



*Cards on the table* is a set which includes a book of rules for 14 card games, score pads, counters, pencils and a pack of cards (8s. 11d.). By Thomas De La Rue & Co. From W. H. Smith & Sons, and other leading stationers



A new de luxe version of *Scrabble* has a turntable and scoring racks to make the game easier to play (35s.). Harrods



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## BEAUTY

# Stay as young as you were

by JEAN CLELAND

THE FRENCH say "*c'est le premier pas qui compte.*" It's the first step that counts. This is true of many things, and of none more than beauty culture, or, simply, the practice of making the most of one's appearance. While a great number of women today make a habit of grooming their looks and giving intelligent care to their skin and hair, there are others who pay little attention until signs of neglect begin to appear. They then do one of two things: panic and say "What shall I do, how shall I start, and where shall I begin?" Or else they shrug their shoulders, murmur something about *anno domini*, and "Oh well, it can't be helped, it is too late to do anything now."

How wrong they are. It can be helped, and it is not too late. It is just a matter of getting started.

I had an example of this the other day at a well-known beauty salon in the West End. Because it is a true story, it is worth telling. As I arrived, an old lady was just emerging from one of the treatment rooms. Her eyes twinkled, and her face glowed with excitement. Whatever had been done for her, she had obviously enjoyed it. When she had gone I learned all about her.

Three months ago, on her 80th birthday, one of her large family had given her a gift token for a face treatment and a hair-do. Never having had anything of the kind before, she started by pooh-pooing it, and then being a good Scot, and hating waste, changed her mind and decided to go along to see what it was like.

"The result was wonderful," said the salon expert who was telling the story. "Having spent her life in bringing up her family, and taking a pride in their appearance, it had never occurred to her to bother about her own. When she saw what gentle massage with good creams and a touch of delicate make-up did to her skin, and what a difference a simple but becoming hair style made to her face, she could hardly believe it. She was as delighted as a young girl.

Now let us go back to the three questions I quoted at the beginning of this article. "What shall I do? How shall I start? Where shall I begin?" The answers vary according to the individual, but in the main the best way to make a start is to take an honest look in the mirror and find out what

seems to be most in need of improvement.

If your hair style seems a little out of date and dowdy, go to a really good stylist, let him cut it and shape it, and then give you a new and becoming style. If the colour is dull and dreary, ask for one of the new rinses. There are all sorts of lovely shades that can be chosen according to your colouring. Some stay in for two or three shampoos, others washout after the first one. If you are feeling timid and uncertain about it, have one of the latter to begin with.

Maybe it is your skin which is in need of some sort of treatment, to get rid of those little lines and wrinkles that are worrying you and make it soft and smooth. Your difficulty is that you are not sure what kind of preparations would suit it, and how to set about using them. My advice is to go to a good beauty salon, let an expert examine



*A style to match the Empire line dresses. A tiara-shaped Alice band can be added for evening wear. By Dumas*

your skin and tell you the best way to treat it. Most salons give this service free of charge. Some people are afraid that they will be advised to buy too many preparations, and be run into a lot of expense. This is not usually the case. Reliable salons will only suggest what they think you need, especially if you tell them that you only want the minimum of things necessary to carry out a daily routine.

What is that minimum? This varies according to individual cases, but generally the following is sufficient for everyday purposes.

**For cleansing:** A liquefying cream or a lotion, or a good face soap, according to the type of skin.

**For toning:** A tonic lotion for the normal or dry skin inclined to be sensitive, or an astringent for the heavier skin with relaxed pores.

**For nourishing:** A good skin food, rich if the skin is dry, and lighter if oily.

With these preparations it is possible to carry out a good daily routine, which should be faithfully adhered to night and morning. To be sure you are on the right lines, it is well worth while to have at least one facial treatment, by which you can see exactly what to do and how to do it. If you live at a distance, and find this impossible, you can either get advice from an expert in the cosmetic department of the nearest big store, or you can write to a London salon.



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## MOTORING

# Impressions from Turin . . .

by GORDON WILKINS

THE TURIN SHOW fully maintained its reputation as the great automobile fashion display. Opening day was a mink-and-orchids affair, with beautiful women, elegant cars, and the blue and red uniforms of the *carabinieri* to add an extra splash of colour.

The trend is still towards simplicity, with light and shade produced by subtle angles in the panels, rather than applied ornamentation. Sometimes the ideas are controversial, like the hard angular end to the roof of Ghia's Fiat 1200 coupé, which contrasts so strongly with the flowing lines of the rest of the car. It is an idea which has been tried before and abandoned; it gives space for a big flat rear window and good head room in the rear seats, but comes as something of an assault on the eye.

Carrozzeria Touring have been particularly clever in absorbing four headlamps into the front of a Lancia Flaminia coupé without making them look too prominent. Bertone

had a businesslike low-built, short-tailed sports coupé on the new Alfa-Abarth chassis with Giulietta engine reduced to 1,000 c.c. Apart from the new body styles, there were few new cars. Fiat are entering the sports car market by putting an OSCA 1500 c.c. engine designed by the Maserati brothers in their Fiat 1200 chassis and handing it over to Farina to adorn it with coupé or roadster bodywork.

Lancia, where new directors now have control, are also entering the high-performance market with three new versions of the V6 2½-litre Flaminia. There is a coupé on a medium wheelbase by Farina based on the Florida II prototype which was hailed last year as one of the most beautiful cars ever built, and a Gran Turismo coupé by Carrozzeria Touring. Finally, on a short wheelbase, there is a fast lightweight sports coupé by Zagato. Engine power for these three has been stepped up to 117 b.h.p. and the Zagato coupé is said to do 120 m.p.h.



SEEN AT TURIN: The Lancia Appia, a new 90 m.p.h. version of the 1090 c.c. Vee-Four model, obtainable with convertible or hardtop bodies by Virginal. Below: The Lancia Flaminia, a lightweight sports coupé version by Zagato



## . . . AND THE GRAND PRIX FORMULA ROW

I DOUBT whether the sober precincts of the R.A.C. at Pall Mall have ever witnessed a row like this, which broke out when the new formula for Grand Prix racing was announced a few weeks ago. The storm soon spread as other countries heard the news. The elderly gentlemen who preside over the destinies of motor sport on the Commission Sportive Internationale have been steadily losing prestige because they repeatedly seem to be overtaken by events and are apparently incapable of implementing such decisions as they do make.

This year the law of averages seems to have been catching up with Grand Prix racing, which had been regarded as the safest form of motor racing because only the best cars and drivers are admitted. With three stars like Collins, Musso and Lewis Evans killed in one season and the sensational treatment given to the accidents (especially in the Continental press), a strong official and public feeling against motor racing has built up, particularly in France and Germany. It is useless to point out that the total casualties are small beside the many who are killed mountain-climbing. There was a feeling that something must be done and the Grand Prix formula happened to be the first to come up for consideration.

In theory at least, the Grand Prix racing formula should set designers a problem the solving of which will lead to progress of general value to automobile engineering. But even the most enthusiastic supporter of

the view that racing improves the breed finds it difficult to suggest any way in which the new formula will lead to any technical progress of value to everyday car design. Those who build cars and those who drive them particularly resent the fact that equal voting rights are held by countries with no cars, no drivers and sometimes no races.

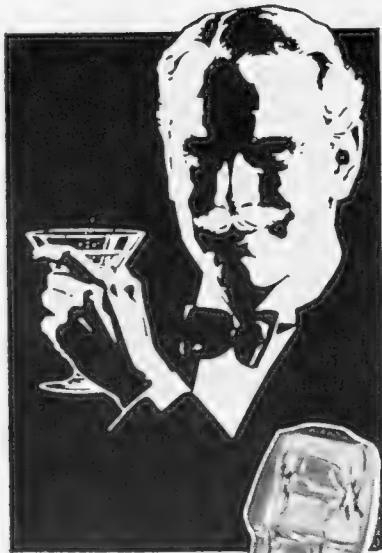
Our own constructors and drivers are bewildered by the prospect of small low-powered but relatively heavy cars; Mercedes have announced that they will not race under the new formula and Ferrari is said to be seething with rage.

Whatever the cars, the problem of finding enough first-rate drivers still has to be solved. We have more promising talent than any other country, thanks to our frequent weekend racing on airfield circuits. A lot of new drivers are coming into prominence in America, but Italy has now no front-rank driver. An interesting effort to solve the problem has just been started at Modena where Guglielmo Dei, chief of the Scuderia Centro Sud has set up a new driving school for racing drivers. Unlike the successful schools run by Cooper and others in England this is not intended for newcomers to competition driving, but for those who already have some racing experience. It has 12 fast cars and the prices are correspondingly high.

The entrance fee is £28 and a half-hour lesson including instructor, services of mechanics, fuel, personal accident insurance

and third party cover costs from £20 upwards depending on the type of car. Louis Chiron, the great Monégasque driver, is chief instructor and he was telling me about it over dinner in Turin. So far pupils have come from Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, France, Venezuela and Italy.

It was not long before the conversation switched to Chiron's adventures in the great era of pre-war motor racing when he drove for the Alfa-Romeo team against the combined might of Mercedes and Auto-Union. Everybody in the restaurant listened as he described his hilarious adventures, with appropriate sound effects. The story I liked best is the one of how he nearly drove the Germans mad by finding a short cut which by-passed the difficult Karussell corner on the Nurburgring. He had no hope of winning the race but he demoralized them by repeatedly putting in practice laps just a second or so quicker than the best the Mercedes and Auto-Union drivers could do. For two consecutive days he drove Neubauer of Mercedes and the Auto-Union team director crazy and the mechanics spent all night tearing down the cars and changing the gear ratios to improve their performance. On the last day of practice the Germans had spies all round the circuit to see how Chiron with his slow Alfa-Romeo was making up the vital seconds. Of course they discovered the secret and were furious, but the joke may have helped to soften them up. Chiron retired in the race, but then took a hand in the pit strategy. The result was historic, for this was the year when Nuvolari on a completely outclassed Alfa-Romeo scored his unforgettable victory over the German teams.



## Vintage Sekt 1955

Chosen for the historic banquet given in honour of Her Majesty the Queen by President Heuss at the German Embassy in London on Tuesday October 21st. Correct, therefore, for the most momentous occasions.

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## RECORDS

# The newest kind of sound

by GERALD LASCELLES

**T**HE GRAMOPHONE manufacturers missed a wonderful opportunity to foist a new name on the public with the advent of stereophonic sound. Since we play gramophone records on a gramophone, why not play the new fangled stereophonic records on a stereophone?

I am frankly impressed by what I hear through this new reproducing medium. To listen to it is both restful and dimensionally accurate. The high demands on the standard of recording efficiency in the studio make it doubtful whether it lends itself in the immediate future to the recording of live performances.

Having watched most of the innovations in gramophone reproduction improvements at first hand for the last twenty years, it strikes me that the equipment manufacturers have been enterprising in their approach to the problem.

The equipment available at present is mostly noticeable for its remarkable cheapness, and for the fact that the radio is now no longer regarded as an integral part of the equipment, as in the days of the old radiogram. Instead one must invest in a pair of loud speakers, twin amplifiers, and a special turntable unit with the vital two-way pick-up head. Many up-to-date hi-fi equipments can be converted to stereo by the addition of a matching amplifier and the substitution of a new playing deck. Those who are alarmed about the future of their existing collections (L.P. or otherwise) need have no fears. The old style "Monaural" records can be played through stereo equipment by the substitution of an alternative pick-up head.

How much will all this cost? Decca offer for 46½ guineas their simple two-unit system, where turntable, amplifiers and one speaker are housed together, and only one outside speaker is necessary. In close competition comes Pye with a 49-guinea three-piece unit, consisting of two external speakers, and amplifiers housed with the turntable in the main unit. For something more ambitious in a medium sized room, one could have the Decca SG188, a modest hi-fi stereophonic group, with two wall mounted speakers, whilst their Stereogram SRG300 offers perhaps the best

mass-produced unit at 105 guineas.

Pye have for a long time been busy in the hi-fi world, and led the field in British stereo when they announced their records and playing equipment last spring. Their *Mozart* stereo system (model HFP2) is particularly suited to the medium-large room, and the speakers have the added advantage that they can be stood on existing furniture, on their own legs, or hung from the walls. At around 120 guineas, according to the type of turntable unit employed, this system is outstanding, and I have chosen it for my own use.

My advice to anyone embarking on stereo sound is to spend an hour or two in one of the specially equipped retail showrooms. You may not be able to reproduce exactly the same conditions in your own home, but at least you can hear the capabilities of the various systems. The thing which struck me most after a spell in the main Keith Prowse showroom in Bond Street was that the best reproduction in a large room can only be achieved by raising the speaker above the furniture level—armchairs and sofas act as a mask to the line of sound from stereo speakers.

It is a pity that the record companies have not seen fit to issue any jazz in their first stereophonic releases. The medium is as suited to the dynamics of a Basie or Ellington as it is to the might and majesty of the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The nearest that I can find to jazz is Lee Wiley's *Touch of the Blues*, swingy in places, where this torchy-styled singer breaks into the old numbers she used to sing with Muggsy Spanier and other jazzmen. Lena Horne's splendid cabaret act is directed and timed to perfection.

The big bands of Ted Heath and Glenn Miller make powerful sounds in their selections, of which I prefer the former's *Hits I Have Missed*—the material is so much better chosen. Best of all are the enchanting pieces chosen by Julie Andrews for that very personal voice she displays every night at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. From the start she creates a complete atmosphere of relaxation, and caresses her audience through the enchantment of her own particular favourites.

## SELECTED RECORDS

A JOURNEY INTO STEREO SOUND	12-in. L.P.	Decca SKL4001
JULIE ANDREWS SINGS	12-in. L.P.	RCA SF5001
JULIE ANDREWS The Lass With The Delicate Air	12-in. L.P.	RCA SF5009
LEE WILEY A Touch Of The Blues	12-in. L.P.	RCA SF5003
LENA HORNE At The Waldorf Astoria	12-in. L.P.	RCA SF5007
TED HEATH Hits I Have Missed	12-in. L.P.	Decca SKL4003

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## DINING IN

# It's pudding time again

by HELEN BURKE



**E**ACH YEAR I tell myself that I shall not give my recipe for Christmas puddings again, because not so many people make them nowadays and, as I have already given it twice, there is no point in repeating it. But letters begin to arrive from readers who liked the pudding and have mislaid the cutting, as well as from brides who, last year and the year before, had no real interest in Christmas puddings, but this year want a good-sized one because they are entertaining "the family." For the sake of the latter, in particular, I have cut down the amounts in my recipe to those for a fair-sized pudding.

First, prepare the fruit. If packaged fruits are used, there will be no need to clean them as this job has already been done. Bulk fruit, however, which may have been exposed to dust and drying air should be picked over, washed, drained, spread on a linen cloth and turned frequently until it is dry. Wet fruit makes a poor pudding.

This washing of dried fruit, which may be over-dry, not only cleans it but also plumps it and restores the inner moisture. It must be done several days in advance of mixing the ingredients.

Mix together 4 oz. each of currants, sultanas and raisins, 1 oz. chopped stoned prunes, 2½ oz. chopped mixed peel, 1 oz. chopped or ground almonds, 1 to 2 well chopped kernels from the prune stones, and the grated rind and juice of ½ small lemon, first mixed with a grated, peeled and cored smallish apple.

Next step: Sift together 3 oz. flour and a good pinch each of grated nutmeg, ground cinnamon, ground ginger and salt. Add 4 oz. each breadcrumb crumbs from day-old bread, soft dark brown sugar and shredded suet. Mix these well into the prepared fruit. Beat 2 large or 3 small eggs and work them in together with just enough old ale, sherry, rum or brandy to produce a mixture which, when lifted up with a spoon and turned, drops easily when the spoon is given a short jerk.

The pudding must be stirred well and this calls for the strong arm of a man. It is a good idea to follow the

old custom of letting each member of the family have a go, to ensure that the ingredients are well and truly mixed.

Turn the mixture into a well buttered pudding basin of 2½ lb. capacity. Cover with two thicknesses of buttered greaseproof paper, then tie on a pudding cloth. Stand on a trivet with boiling water reaching at least half-way up the basin. Cover tightly and boil for 5 to 6 hours, replenishing the boiling water when necessary.

When cold, remove the cloth and papers and replace them with fresh ones. Store in a cool dry place until Christmas Day, then re-boil the pudding for 3 to 4 hours.

There is just space to write of a way with calf's brains which turns them from a light dish into something much more substantial, without detracting from their delicate quality.

Soak the brains well in cold water, removing any discoloration and loose tissue. Poach them for ½ hour in a *court bouillon*, then leave to become cold in it. This part of the preparation can be carried out early in the day.

For each set of brains, allow 2 thin slices of boiled ham. On each piece sprinkle a pinch each of chopped parsley, onion, thyme and mushroom stalks. Place half the brains on one portion and half on the other and wrap up. Place, joint sides down, in a casserole to fit. Make the following mixture: ½ teaspoon mustard, the juice from a clove of garlic squeezed from a garlic press, ½ oz. butter, salt and freshly milled pepper to taste and enough chicken stock and white wine (half and half) to cover.

Pour this over the brains and add a bouquet garni. Cover and cook for ½ hour in a moderate oven (350 to 375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 3 to 4). Remove the bouquet garni.

Meanwhile, have ready plainly boiled macaroni, drained and glistened with butter. Cook separately in a little butter a mixture of skinned tomatoes, green sweet peppers and onions; all chopped. Spoon this over the macaroni and place the brains on top. Reduce the stock to a glaze and spoon it over the brains.



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## DINING OUT

### Express eating pleases

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

I CAN REMEMBER few occasions in the past years when I was pervaded with such a sense of desolation and depression as when I was staying overnight at the Royal Victoria Hotel in Sheffield recently. I was called at 6.30 a.m. to catch a train for London at 7.20 a.m. from the station opposite.

It was pouring with rain and slightly misty. Gloom seemed to be the order of the day.

That was until I got on the train. This turned out to be the new luxury Pullman, 90 m.p.h., diesel express, scheduled to reach London in two hours and 45 minutes.

Here was warmth, comfort and excellent service. For breakfast you are given a wide choice. It can include such delicacies as calves' liver, bacon and mushrooms, if you feel so inclined. Once the train starts rolling, there is nothing to stop you from taking the chill out of your bones with a cognac with your coffee!

When the train started the Pullman conductor came round to inquire if you wanted a car to meet you at the other end. If you did, you filled in a small card. The train stopped at Retford, 20 miles from Sheffield, just long enough for the conductor to hand out the cards to the station master, who then notifies London what cars are required by the passengers.

In other words, the "Autobritn" plan was working on this train. Sure enough, when I stepped out at King's Cross (where once again it was raining), there was one of Victor Britain's cars plus a smart chauffeur waiting to drive me where I wished. I have seldom felt so much like a millionaire—think of the vile drive it saved me.

I have just acquired a small book called *American And Other Drinks*, published in London in 1887, written by Charlie Paul (of The

Aquarium and the American Exhibition, London, last of Paris and New York).

This has given me a lot of amusement because not one master barman in all London had heard of "Charlie's Kniekebein," and many of his other strange concoctions.

This is how you make it: "Take a wine glass; put in half a liqueur-glass of red noyau, half ditto of maraschino, half ditto of yellow chartreuse in the order named, and be careful not to let them mix; next, float the unbroken yolk of a new laid egg on the surface, then build up a pyramid of the whisked white of the egg, and finally, dash a few drops of Angostura bitters on the top." The technique of drinking this remarkable affair being to tilt your head back a bit and pour it down your throat so that the egg yolk goes down without breaking. It makes a surprisingly pleasant and unusual pick-me-up.

If you want to provide a really magnificent drink for your Christmas party (and your bank will increase your overdraft), Charlie Paul's idea of an *Egg Nog for a party* should be tremendous. Hold your breath, here it is—with apologies to colleague Helen Burke into whose province I may be intruding: "Take a large punch bowl; empty into it five pints of brandy; one pint of rum; one pound of white sugar; take 20 eggs and separate the yolks from the white, and beat each separately with an egg whisk until the yolks are well cut up, and the whites assume a light frothy appearance; mix all ingredients in the bowl (except the whites of the eggs); then pour gradually two and a half gallons of rich milk, with which is mixed the yolks, taking care to keep it well stirred; then float on the top the whites, and ornament with coloured sugars; cool in an ice tub and serve."

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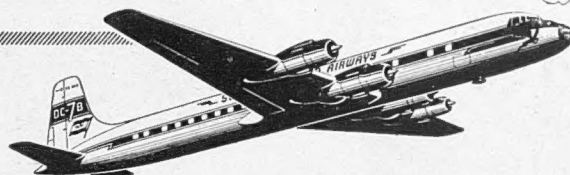
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